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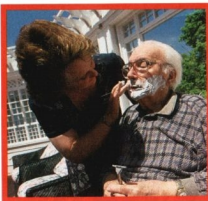
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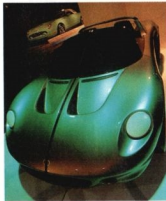
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Turning Point: What to do when your parents can no longer care for themselves (see COVER)



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COVER: Photograph by Arthur Tilley—FPG

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S.C. Gwynne/Baton Rouge

So What's the Rap on The New Neighbor?

How an exclusive, gated community is learning to live with gangsta rappers

SUBURBAN LIVING DOESN'T get much better than the Country Club of Louisiana, a steel-gated, pool-dappled subdivision on the outskirts of Baton Rouge. Houses cost from \$300,000 to \$3 million. There is a lovely golf and tennis club with a spacious veranda meant to recreate the look of a Louisiana plantation. But denizens were somewhat unnerved last year to learn that five of the leading gangsta rappers in the world had moved in: Master P, C-Murder, Silkk the Shocker, Mystikal and Snoop Dogg.

The rappers' multi-platinum recordings celebrate gunfights, misogyny and the crack trade. And their transfer to Baton Rouge, as noted in the latest issue of the *New Republic*, is a corporate decision by Master P, 29, né Percy Miller. The Louisiana native moved his No Limit Records from locations in Los Angeles and New Orleans last year and is

building a large recording studio. No Limit is the nation's top-grossing rap label, with more than \$200 million in revenues, and Master P runs a multifaceted empire that dabbles in everything from toys to film to travel. The \$56.5 million he earned last year from the company and his own rap recordings ranks him 10th on *Forbes'* list of the highest-paid

entertainers, ahead of Garth Brooks and the Spice Girls. The other rappers are part of No Limit's stable of stars.

So far, however, they have been denied membership at the golf club at the Country Club of Louisiana. The reason? "It's just plain racism," says No Limit's general counsel, Edwin Hawkins. "What other reason could it be?" (The golf club has other African-American members.) Hawkins says the chilly reception has extended to everything from the "300% premiums" they are being charged to build their new recording



P dreams of an NBA career and has a basketball court on his property



Master P, center, with brother C-Murder, right, and Silkk the Shocker

studio to a flurry of business-related lawsuits against them. "We don't feel," he says, "that we have been received as citizens of the community."

It did not help that C-Murder (P's brother Corey Miller) was arrested in March after speeding, carrying a pistol in his waistband and wearing body armor (he later pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor charge of illegally carrying a firearm) or that in June, P's bodyguard was briefly detained for failing to check two semiautomatic pistols before boarding a commercial flight.

But that kind of news no longer fazes P's neighbors. "I thought for sure we might see some white flight," says one. "But most of the time we barely know they're there. They send their kids to the local private schools. They're just like everyone else." In fact, instead of flight, residents are holding on to property. Says a local real estate agent: "There are fewer houses for sale than at any other time in the past five years."

In the beginning, it was neighborhood kids who pestered the celebs for autographs. However, says the neighbor, P and his friends and family "can now go to the community park and play baseball, and nobody bothers them." P

told TIME, "I know some of the neighbors felt threatened at first, but I think people have eased up a lot since they've gotten to know us."

P is pushing his good-neighbor policy beyond the gates of the Country Club. He has provided scholarships to Baton Rouge students (and \$25,000 to the local Boy Scouts), given equipment to schools and handed out Thanksgiving turkeys and winter coats. He has also given talks on the importance of staying in school and avoiding drugs and violence.

But it is the violence in his lyrics that makes it difficult even for people who like him to take his money. The Young Leaders Academy, which mentors fatherless children, decided it could not. "I have tremendous respect for his work ethic," says president Kirt Benn. "But if we take his money, we are giving tacit approval to violence, misogyny and a whole of negatives." P sees a double standard. "If it's a Steven Seagal movie, they have no trouble separating the man and the message. But if it's rap, they take it personally. They try to make us look like bad guys," makes a prediction: "The truth will still come out. We're doing a lot for the community."

"I know some of the neighbors felt threatened at first." —MASTER P, rap mogul

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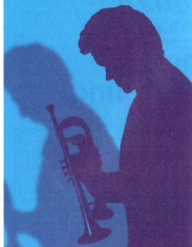


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ANY OTHER FOR TIME

CATHY BOOTH, TIME'S LOS ANGELES BUREAU CHIEF, HAS ENJOYED such genial assignments as traveling to Australia to profile Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman. This week, however, she shifts gears considerably to offer an affecting first-person account on the agonizing challenges of caring for an elderly parent. "It was very tough to write this story," says Booth of her contribution to our package on how best to tend to the older generation, which is growing dramatically. "I have to admit that at first I wasn't sure it was something I wanted to write, but I've been amazed at how little information is out there and how little discussion there is, as well as how many other people are going through this sort of trial." Booth observes that many people wish for more money to solve their dilemmas, but from her experience she can report, "Money doesn't solve the emotional part of it."



TED THAI FOR TIME

FRANK GIBNEY JR. JOINED THE MAGAZINE IN 1994 WHEN HE opened TIME's Vietnam bureau in Hanoi. In 1998, after a stint in Tokyo, he moved to New York to cover international business. But his experience as a U.S. correspondent also proved valuable last week when he wrote about the shootings at the North Valley Jewish Community Center. This week Gibney returns to business, scrutinizing the market issues that are forcing automobile companies to make design a strategic weapon. "I gained an appreciation for just how complicated it is to come up with any product that is both artful and appealing to consumers," Gibney says. "Designers are discovering with cars that if you look back at great models of the past, you'll find some inspiration for what will work in the future, and technological advances have made it possible to stretch the metal, glass and four-wheels idea beyond what anybody thought possible."



KARIN COOPER FOR TIME

MATTHEW COOPER, WHO JOINED TIME ONLY LAST MONTH, HAS ALREADY had the unusual experience of being able to admire his photo in the magazine: last year, while he was still a national correspondent at *Newsweek*, he made our pages after winning a contest that crowned him Washington's Funniest Celebrity. The joke's on the Capitol, because his new job is working as TIME's deputy Washington bureau chief. Cooper will help shape coverage of the 2000 campaign while continuing to write about politics. Fortunately, this will not require complete sobriety. As demonstrated by his piece on George Bush in this week's Notebook section, Cooper is lending the humor he has honed as a stand-up comic. "Matt works in clubs in New York and Washington," says Jim Kelly, deputy managing editor. "The big plus for our readers is that they can enjoy him without springing for the two-drink minimum."

A Guide to Higher Learning



FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS, TIME, IN COLLABORATION WITH THE Princeton Review, has produced a college guidebook titled THE BEST COLLEGE FOR YOU. The 2000 edition of the guide is now available on newsstands and in bookstores. Chock-full of information on what college is like and how to go about finding, applying to, getting into—and paying for—the best college for you, the guide also features the editors' choice for College of the Year.

The honor, which is intended not to anoint an institution as the best but rather to highlight admirable characteristics or programs other colleges might emulate, goes this year to the University of Southern California. Through one of the oldest and most extensive "service learning" programs in the country, U.S.C. has integrated its students and its academic programs into the community that surrounds its Los Angeles campus. Not only do more than half of U.S.C.'s students volunteer to work in the poorer neighborhoods near their school, but students in courses ranging from landscape architecture to dentistry also apply their knowledge toward solving community problems. Not every college in America has South Central L.A. as a laboratory, but almost every school can do more to help its immediate neighbors—and teach its students more in the process.

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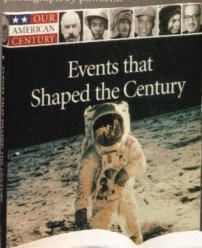
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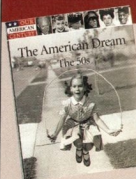


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LOOKING AT WOODSTOCK—THEN AND NOW

1969



1999



whose songs scream about sex and "smashing" things." However, Woodstock '99 attendee Tate B. Karm of Nagama, Ariz., sees things in a different light, saying, "It was fun as hell, and I would go again in a minute."

Lance Morrow's "The Madness of Crowds," about the violence, pillaging and sexual assault that marked Woodstock '99 (ESSAY, Aug. 9), caused a number of readers to compare this year's fiasco with the love-in of 30 years ago. Michael Oster of Deerfield Beach, Fla., recalled the 1969 festival: "We had no water, no food. We endured thunderstorms, sat in mud and did plenty of drugs; but there were no rapes, no looting, no arson and no riots back then." Concludes Oster: "It must have been the music." Max Blaska, 22, of Madison, Wis., yearned for the '60s: "After watching the footage of violence and looting at Woodstock '99, I wish I'd been around in the '60s, which were about getting together and fighting an unjust war. Now we have a band called Limp Bizkit

realize that selling a gun to everyone as if it were a roll of toilet paper is the cause of all the horror?

JENS KÜRNBER
Regensburg, Germany

TO MANY AMERICANS, THE RIGHT TO CARRY guns is more important than the Bible. However, the Constitution's Amendments, like any other documents created by man, can be altered. How many more lives must be wasted before common sense prevails?

MICHAEL SKRZYPCZAK
Burlington, Ont.

Get Rid of 'Em?

CONGRATULATIONS TO ROGER ROSENBLATT for speaking the unspeakable and asking for the elimination of all handguns (THE ATLANTA MASSACRE, Aug. 9). The grass-roots movement has begun. Thanks, Roger, for your courage.

RAYMOND C. HOLTZ
Covington, Ky.

UNLIKE SOME, I PREFER MY BILL OF Rights intact. I don't own a gun; I don't want a gun. But the day the government tries to ban guns is the day I buy 10.

HIAWATHA BRAY
Quincy, Mass.

SURELY A MAN AS INTELLIGENT AS ROSENBLATT must realize there is no way of getting rid of handguns short of America's becoming a police state. Americans should be embracing guns. High schools in all 50 states should give elective courses on weapons safety and gun laws.

FRED S. LOEPER
Sendai, Japan

Polls on Gun Laws

ROSENBLATT GUESSES THAT THE MAJORITY of Americans favor gun control and are ready to banish guns. But that is contrary to the evidence of some polls. A Gallup/CNN/USA Today poll that has tracked the issue since 1990 found that in June 1999, only 62% of Americans favored stricter gun laws, compared with 78% in 1990. And a Gallup poll found

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that the percentage of people who believe the government should ban civilian handgun possession has fallen from 41% in 1981 to 38% in 1999. Perhaps a growing number of Americans have begun to realize gun-control laws do not make people safer.

H. STERLING BURNETT
NICOLE SCHIERECK
National Center for Policy Analysis
Dallas

No Spraying in Bolivia

YOUR ARTICLE "A CARPET OF COCAINE" says that most of the cocaine that reaches the U.S. is from Colombia partly because of "the success of U.S. aerial spraying in Bolivia and Peru" (WORLD, Aug. 9). It is important to clarify that coca eradication in Bolivia is done by manual means and not through the spraying of chemical defoliants. The use of herbicides or any other chemical agent is strictly prohibited under Bolivian law in order to preserve the ecological balance. No spraying of any sort is done in Bolivia in connection with coca eradication.

MARCELO PÉREZ-MONASTERIOS
Ambassador, Embassy of Bolivia
Washington

Penny Pinching

YOUR COLUMNIST DANIEL KADLEC suggests we eliminate the penny (PERSONAL TIME: YOUR MONEY, Aug. 9). I think not! Having grown up during the Great Depression, I have a great respect for money, even the lowly cent. My supermarket has mechanical ponies that children can ride for a penny. If the penny is gone, who's going to worry about the kids? And with no penny, won't postal rates go up in 5¢ increments?

LEONARD HEIFERLING
Aurora, Colo.

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POLICY FORUM

Simple Solutions

By Patrick G. Hays

Sometimes our nation's social problems seem so overwhelming that we fear we can never solve them. It's tempting to just give up. But the rising number of uninsured Americans—more than 43.4 million—is one problem Congress *can* help to solve. Right now.

The challenge is to develop targeted solutions that reach specific people. For example, more than 83 percent of Americans who lack health insurance either have jobs themselves or have spouses or parents who work. Although these uninsured people work, their incomes are too low to afford insurance premiums. This problem is greatest among the smallest businesses, where 35 percent of employees are uninsured. To address the situation, our nation needs to find ways to help small companies offer insurance. Congress *can* make this happen.

First, the government should provide tax credits for low-income workers in small firms. In addition, Congress should allow the self-employed—along with other people who purchase health insurance outside an employer group—to deduct the full cost of health-insurance premiums from their income taxes.

Finally, lawmakers must resist the many proposed public policy schemes that will increase the cost of health care. These proposals will only make the problems of the uninsured worse.

The government faces a choice: foster solutions today or aggravate an already grievous social problem for tomorrow. Let's urge our lawmakers to make the right decision.

For more information about the Blues, call 1-800-244-BLUE or visit www.bluesare.com.

Mr. Hays is President and CEO of the national Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association, an association of independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans.

TIME
100

Who Should Be the Person of the Century?

TIME's coverage of the 100 most influential people of the 20th century will culminate in December, when we name the Person of the Century. To help the magazine's editors make the choice, we've asked a select group of people to indicate whom they would pick. The latest nominations:

BORN April 22, 1870
1903 Forms Marxist Bolshevik Party
1917 Leads the revolution, heads new Soviet government
1918 Bolshevik Party changes name to Communist Party
DIED Jan. 21, 1924



VLADIMIR ILYICH LENIN A great person may be bad as well as good. Lenin, whose use of power in the Soviet Union, which he created and whose influence in the wider world was wholly for the bad, is undoubtedly the century's dominant figure. The ideas of Karl Marx were of little more than philosophical importance until 1917, when Lenin applied those ideas with revolution-

ary force and established the Bolshevik Party throughout the government. Bolshevik Russia became an example to Marxist revolutionaries everywhere and energized nationalist reactionaries, of whom the most important was Adolf Hitler. Hitler's ideological war on the Soviet Union devastated Europe. After Lenin's death, his followers in Europe, Asia and Africa created other Bolshevik regimes that propagated regional wars, fostered terrorism and destroyed economies. Not until 1989, with the fall of the Berlin Wall, was Lenin's malign influence definitively reversed. Its after-effects will persist into the 3rd millennium.

—John Keegan, historian

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN No individual in all of history, completely on his own, using only the power of one, has changed the lives of more people than Soviet dissident writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Lenin set the stage by creating the first totalitarian socialist state system of concentration camps, which exterminated 60 million Soviet citizens in 50 years. Solzhenitsyn survived eight years in prison camps and three years of internal exile and, in secret, wrote *The Gulag Archipelago*, revealing for the first time the existence of this chain ("archipelago") of death mills. The moment the manuscript of the book's first volume was smuggled out of Russia and published in France in 1973, it was as if a stake had been driven through the heart of Marxism. It was only a matter of time before the body and the tentacles rotted away, a process that became obvious on Nov. 9, 1989, the day the Berlin Wall came down. Only China and a few morbid extremities—Tibet, Mongolia, Vietnam, North Korea and Cuba—still hold on.

BORN Dec. 11, 1918
1945-53 In prison
1970 Wins Nobel Prize for Literature
1973 *The Gulag Archipelago*, Vol. I, is published in France
1974 Expelled from Soviet Union
1994 Back to Russia



—Tom Wolfe, author

READERS OFFER VARIATIONS ON A RUSSIAN THEME

Mikhail Gorbachev: He brought the cold war to a halt and had the vision and fortitude to end the Soviet Union.

Erich Langmann
Palm Springs, Calif.

TIME can't ignore Joseph Stalin. His influence was almost entirely malign. He killed many more people than did Hitler as he turned the

U.S.S.R. into a prison slave-state. The terror of his regime was unsurpassed in thoroughness and viciousness.

Worst of all was Stalin's impact on the world of ideas. He twisted socialist ideas into an Orwellian nightmare and single-handedly destroyed socialism as a socioeconomic philosophy.

Peter Bruell
Esterwick, Australia



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HOW TO ENTER (1) Make a purchase of a Dell computer (online at www.dell.com/backtoschool or by calling the 1-800 number shown in this ad, between August 15 and September 25, 1999) and you will be automatically entered into the sweepstakes. All orders must be received by 11:59 p.m. Eastern Time on September 25, 1999 to be eligible for the sweepstakes. Normal phone charges, Internet access and usage charges imposed by your phone carrier and online service will apply. (2) Log on to the Dell website (www.dell.com/backtoschool) and follow instructions to enter the sweepstakes, or (3) on a plain 7" X 5" piece of paper, hand print your name, complete address, zip code, and telephone number. Mail your entry in an envelope to: DELL "SCHOOL SENSATION" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 7105, Melville, NY 11775-7105. Limit one entry per household, per day. All mail-in entries must be postmarked by September 25, 1999 and received by October 2, 1999 to be eligible. Mechanically reproduced entries submitted by mail will not be accepted. 2. GRAND PRIZES (42) one prize awarded per day; \$10,000 awarded in the form of a check, plus, a Dell Computer will be configured by the winner with a total value up to \$3,000 (to be awarded in November 2001). Full Prize will be awarded over a 4 year period (Est. Retail Value of entire prize: \$16,000). Winners will be selected in forty-two (42) separate random drawings from among all computer orders and from among mail-in entries received each day. Limit one Grand Prize per household. Mail-in entries will be included in the drawing corresponding to the date the entry is received. Non-winning entries will not be carried forward to subsequent daily drawings. Drawings will begin one hour after the start of the sweepstakes in order to allow for mail-in entries to be received. Drawings will be conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Odds of winning are dependent upon the number of purchases qualifying for entry and mail-in sweepstakes entries received each day. Prizes will be awarded and winners will be notified by mail. Prizes are nontransferable and no substitutions are allowed except by the sponsor. Sponsor, and its agencies, assume no responsibility or liability for damages, losses or injury resulting from acceptance or sale of any prize. Taxes, if any, related to the prizes are the responsibility of the individual winners. Winners may be required to verify address or execute return an affidavit of eligibility and liability/public release within 5 days of notification after the prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. Acceptance of prize constitutes permission to use winners' names, likenesses and biographical information for promotional purposes without further compensation except where prohibited by law. No responsibility is assumed for lost, misdirected, illegible, postage due or late entries or mail. By entering this sweepstakes, entrant accepts and agrees to be bound by these official rules and the decisions of the judges. Sponsor, and its agencies are not responsible for technical, hardware or software malfunctions, technical failures of any kind, lost or unavailable network connections, or failed, incorrect, inaccurate, incomplete, garbled or delayed electronic communications whether caused by the sender or by any of the equipment or programming associated with or utilized in the sweepstakes which may limit the ability to participate or by any human error which may occur in the processing of the entries in this sweepstakes. Sponsor reserves the right to cancel or modify any portion of the promotion at any time. 3. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., 18 years of age or older as of August 15, 1999, except residents of New York and employees and their families of Dell Computer Corporation, its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. This offer is void in New York and wherever prohibited or restricted by national, state or any other government laws. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. United States law governs this sweepstakes. 4. For the names of the Grand Prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope by October 30, 1999 to: DELL "SCHOOL SENSATION" SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS, P.O. Box 7105, Melville, NY 11775-7105, or go to the Dell website at <http://www.dell.com/backtoschool>. 5. The sponsor of the promotion is Dell Home Systems Co., Round Rock, TX.

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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“There are no authorities, no nothing. Yesterday many people screamed from inside, and today we hear no voices.”

OSMAN UZUM,
survivor of the Turkish
earthquake, on rescue efforts
in Golcuk

“Unless ... some black woman comes forward with an illegitimate child that he fathered within the last 18 months ... George W. Bush will be the nominee.”

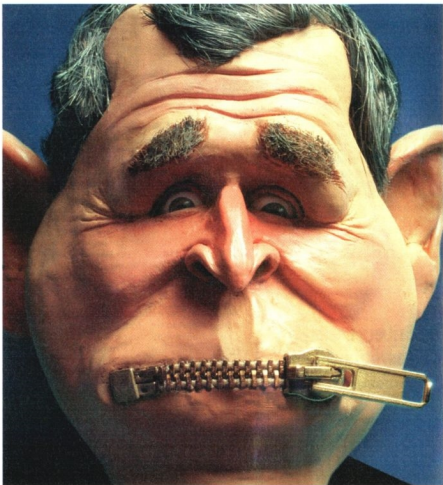
SENATOR ROBERT F. BENNETT,
Utah Republican, on Bush. *The Utah N.A.A.C.P. has asked that he apologize for the statement*

“It must have been one long, good layover.”

BOB KENIA,
vice president, Association of
Flight Attendants D.C. office,
on the 600 British Airways
attendants who are pregnant

“My commitment is ... I don't eat my clients.”

JOYCE TISCHLER,
executive director of the
Animal Legal Defense Fund,
which advocates equal rights
for animals and humans



READ MY ZIPPED LIPS George W. Bush opened up about fidelity but has been mute about whether he used cocaine in his youth, thus creating widening ripples of gossip on the matter. Perhaps the candidate doth protest not enough?

Sources: Uzum, Washington Post, Bennett and Tischler,
New York Times; Kenia, New York Post

WINNERS & LOSERS



GARY BAUER
Spins fourth-place finish in straw poll into a win for the little guy. Did voters confuse him with Eddie?

KEN STARR
Possessed prosecutor says at last he's ready to close up shop. Pleeasee let it be true

TIGER WOODS
PGA championship is his; let's hope the poor guy can finally pick up some endorsements

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
His Planet Hollywood goes flabby. His girly-man and profits waste away. New pitch: Chapter II, *The Movie*

JOHN DEUTCH
Ex-spook in chief has security clearance nixed for computer violations. No more spamming

MERLENE OTTEY
Jamaican Olympic medalist tests positive for steroids. Could bobsled team be next?



INTELLIGENCE

No More Secrets for You

"IT WAS NOT SOMETHING THE DIRECTOR FELT good about doing," an intelligence official said of CIA chief **GEORGE TENET's** decision to strip his predecessor, **JOHN DEUTCH**, of his security clearance. "This is someone he worked for, who is a friend and a mentor." But, he adds, "what transpired was a fairly serious breach of the rules regarding handling classified information." Deutch had allowed highly classified material to course through his unsecured home computer—a big no-no. Immediate comparisons were made to the case of nuclear weapons scientist **WEN HO LEE**, a suspect in China's apparent theft of data on the W-88 warhead. Lee downloaded sensitive nuclear "legacy codes" to his personal computer. The intelligence official, however, said there is an important difference. Deutch's fault, he said, was composing



Wen Ho Lee



Former Director Deutch

classified documents on an unsecured terminal. No downloading was involved. As for the Lee case, **ROBERT VROOMAN**, former head of counterintelligence at the Los Alamos Weapons Laboratory, charged last week that ethnic bias led investigators to focus on the Asian American. But officials say Vrooman helped compose the original suspects list (which, apart from Lee and his wife, included one other Asian and nine Caucasians) and made his new claim only after being subject to disciplinary action. —By Elaine Shannon and Massimo Calabresi/Washington

OLYMPICS

IOC Bribery Scandal Widens. Et Tu, Atlanta?

AFTER SALT LAKE CITY'S OLYMPIC-BRIBERY scandal forced the resignation or dismissal of 10 IOC members, the head of the Atlanta Olympic Committee, **BILLY PAYNE**, said his group won the 1996 Games without resorting to underhanded tactics. "We did not bribe anyone," he said in February. "We did not make cash payments.



Billy Payne

We did not give outrageous gifts." And in a June report to the House Commerce Committee investigating violations of federal bribery laws in Olympic bids, Payne and former Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young attested to only 38 items exceeding the \$200-per-gift limit. However, after reviewing more than 30 boxes of documents from the Georgia Amateur Athletics Foundation, investigators say there were many gifts worth more than \$1,000, including offers of scholarships to IOC family members. In fact, the discrepancies were so great that earlier this month the law firm that represented the city's Olympic committee asked Commerce if it could "amend" the report. Let's hope it is right this time. —By Sylvester Monroe/Atlanta

MEDICINE

Wisconsin Wants All Its Own Organs

WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS HAVE A NEW border problem: transplant wars. Wisconsinites, fearing new federal rules will let Chicago hospitals take a disproportionate share of donated organs, are leading a group of states—including North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota—in trying to exclude Illinois from a new organ-sharing network. They anticipate that Illinois could acquire as many as 120 donated livers at their expense in the next four years.

The controversy started last year, when federal health officials proposed a system of organ sharing with less emphasis on geography. Most of the



Walter Payton

transplant community opposed the changes, wary that organs would be funneled to the larger medical facilities. The compromise by the United Network of Organ Sharing was to share within regions, rather than the nation.

But Wisconsin refuses to follow the new procedures. Officials from the state, whose donor programs are rated among the best, are worried that there will be "a mass exodus" of donated organs out of the state, according to the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*. To make matters more heated, a local hero, former Chicago Bears running back **WALTER PAYTON**, is waiting for a liver at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minn. Potentially, he would be helped by the new rules. —By Julie Grace/Chicago

THE DRAWING BOARD





Fun on a Finger Lake

SKANEATELES, PRONOUNCED "SKINNY ATLAS," FORMERLY just another sleepy town in northwestern New York State, plays host to the First Family next week. The Clintons will vacation at the home of real estate developer Thomas McDonald (1), but because they haven't yet officially notified the town of their trip, no activities have been planned. What can the Clintons do? Some suggestions: Krebs' (2) is the best spot to blend in with the locals and quaff a brew. If Hillary is looking for a light bite, Angel's Heavenly Hamburgers (3) already has a sandwich named after her. It's a hard roll with lots of baloney. Bill can tee off at the country club (4), but buying cigars at the Havana Trading Co. (5) could be politically sensitive, and the town has—horrors!—no McDonald's. Chelsea can pop into Hairtique (6) or Yankee Clipper (7) for a new do, or she can water-ski on Skaneateles' finger lake (8)—supposedly the cleanest in the continental U.S. Alas, the town's short- and fat-man race is no more. But if the town gets too much, Syracuse—which has more voters—is just 19 miles away.

If You Do the Laundry, They Will Come

BASEBALL SEASON INCLUDES TWICE as many games as pro basketball and 10 times as many as pro football. And Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa can play on only one team each. To encourage repeat business, major and minor league teams have devised some creative promotions this season:

- **Laundry Night** (Charleston River Dogs): free laundry service during the game
- **Fishing Rod Night** (Minnesota Twins): anyone wearing waders admitted free; fishing poles given to the first 5,000 people
- **Computer Geek Night** (Colorado Springs Sky Sox): free admission for those named Chip or Mac or with the initials PC; look-alike contests for Dilbert, Bill Gates and Al Gore; a bad-mouse bonfire and free wrist and forearm massages
- **Lawyer Appreciation Night** (Tampa Bay Devil Rays): lawyers had to pay twice the ticket price
- **Birth Night** (Lowell Spinners): a year's free diapers for the first woman to begin labor during a game. (No one had contractions at the game, so the first woman to deliver after the game won)

SATANWATCH

READY FOR HIS CLOSE-UP
Nazis are old. Russians are spent. We've picked on the Arabs enough. Hollywood is turning to a villain who can really inspire millennial fear: Satan. And studios are rolling out some big stars to work with him.



Palmer's Pickup
(March 1999)

South Park
(July 1999)

Lost Souls
(October 1999)

End of Days
(November 1999)

God, the Devil, and Bob
(September 1999)

Little Nicky
(in production)

Robert Carradine and a buddy drive cross-country hauling a crate that contains Satan

Plucky prepubescents try to save the planet from Satan, who plans to take over when the U.S. invades Canada

Winona Ryder must convince a crime writer that he's part of a plot to help Satan walk the earth

Arnold Schwarzenegger tries to save New York City when Satan arrives in search of a bride

Animated television show in which Bob is caught between God (voiced by James Garner) and Satan (voiced by Alan Cumming)

Adam Sandler has second thoughts about inheriting a business run by his father, Satan





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MATTHEW COOPER

The Art of Lying ... Low

ALL DECEPTIONS AREN'T EQUAL ON THE SCALE OF UNTRUTHS, from I-love-your-mother's-cooking to I-would-never-hurt-Nicole, George Bush's cuteness about coke ranks pretty low. He's not telling us explicitly that he did drugs as a kid, but, hey, in that *60 Minutes* interview, Clinton never said he was a skirt hound either. He just bit his lip and acknowledged "pain in my marriage." When CBS's Steve Kroft tried to pin Clinton on specifics, he demurred, saying that the American people "got" what he meant. Bush is basically winking at us too when he says he was "young and irresponsible." We're just supposed to get it and move on. When your Aunt Edna says her stomach's been acting up, you're not supposed to shout a detailed follow-up question about her colon.

I find myself enamored of Bush's interpretation of the Fifth Amendment: Answer only the questions to which you have a good response. That way you'd never have to lie—even the I-love-your-mother's-cooking sort. Had Clinton done this, he could have ducked the definition-of-sex queries and just talked about something to his liking, such as barbecue or Medicare Part B. This may seem like a fancy ruse only politicians would try, but it works in daily life:

Wife: How does this scarf look?

Me: I've already said I think you're a beautiful woman. Anything else would be a game of gotcha. I refuse to play.

Editor: Is your piece ready?

Me: Look, I hope you like the way I do my job. But if it's not working out, then I'll spend a lot of time fishing with the old man.

Friend: Don't you owe me a 20?

Me: I believe it is important to put a stake in the ground and say enough is enough when it comes to trying to dig up people's backgrounds.

College roommate: Is that your bong?

Me: I have made mistakes, and I'm going to learn from those mistakes.

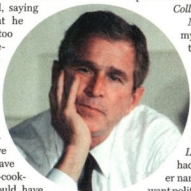
Then when you finally get a question you do like, it's open season.

Colleague: Have you lost weight?

Me: As I understand it, you've asked about my girth. I will be glad to answer that question, and the answer is, yes, I have lost some flab. Not only could I pass the standards of losing 7 lbs., I could have passed the standards of losing 15 unsightly ones. (O.K., I made this part up.)

Half-truths and evasions are a part of everyday life. We don't, like Jim Carrey, when he's unable to prevaricate in *Liar Liar*, lean over to our lover and say, "I've had better." Manners are deception by another name. The same is true of politics. We say we want politicians to give us the unvarnished truth, but at the end of the day we really don't want to hear a detailed history of a candidate's bathroom coke snorts any more than, say, Iowans want to hear that subsidizing ethanol is a dubious use of government money (something that even self-styled truth tellers like Bill Bradley can't bring themselves to say).

It's not a left-right thing. We want our liberals to tout government and our conservatives to cheer faith-based solutions with equal confidence that they'll solve social problems, even when we know, in our hearts, each approach has its limits. We like the con. So George Bush is being coy. So what? Join the club. ■



BODY



HOLY COW! We may envy celebs' homes, style and dates, but not their corpses. Fearing mad-cow disease, the FDA last week barred anyone who had visited Britain for a total of six months between 1980 and 1996 from donating blood. Many stars shot at least four British-based films in that time, which could put them over the limit. The at-risk:

- Tom Cruise
- Glenn Close
- Nicole Kidman
- Mel Gibson
- Robert Downey Jr.
- Andie MacDowell
- William Hurt
- Sigourney Weaver

SOLE

SOCKS APPEAL What could be more pedestrian than socks? In an effort to give the \$4.7 billion sock market some legs, hosiery manufacturers are putting their jazziest foot forward. From E.G. Smith come Safe Sox, which have pockets, and the Pigalle, a glittery sock with



attachable garter. Going for the tattoo look? K. Bell is producing sheer socks with embroidered insects. And Basic Knead has a reflexology sock for those who just have to put their feet up.

MILESTONES

ARRESTED. REBIYA KADER, 50, one of China's best-known businesswomen; on as yet undetermined charges; in Urumqi, China. The owner of a department store, Kader, a member of the Muslim Uighur minority, was detained while on her way to meet members of the U.S. Congressional Research Service—reportedly to deliver an account of police harassment.

FILED SUIT. MUHAMMAD ALI, 57, boxing legend; against his former personal attorney, Richard Hirschfeld, and an associate; for allegedly taking advantage of his Parkinson's disease to deprive him of rights to his life story; in Norfolk, Va.

RECOVERING. JIM ("Catfish") **HUNTER**, 53, Hall of Fame pitcher for the Oakland A's and New York Yankees and winner of five World Series; from injuries after he hit his head earlier this month; in Greenville, N.C. Hunter was diagnosed with ALS last year.

DIED. KIM PERROT, 32, popular point guard who led the Houston Comets to two

WNBA championships; of lung cancer; in Houston. Described as the heart and soul of the team, Perrot gave effusive motivational talks, often to kids, throughout her illness.



DIED. SIR HUGH CASSON, 89, British architect and former president of the Royal Academy of Arts; in London. In 1951 Casson oversaw the construction of London's first major postwar buildings. He later designed rooms at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace.

DIED. ALTINA SCHINASI MIRANDA, 92, designer of the pointy-rimmed Harlequin eyeglass frame; in Santa Fe, N.M. The glasses (rhinestones optional) were a fashion hit from the 1930s to the 1950s and, for some, never went out of style.

DIED. NATHANIEL KLEITMAN, 104, pioneer sleep expert at the University of Chicago and discoverer, with associates, of REM sleep in 1953; in Los Angeles. Kleitman's studies—on dream-sleep deprivation, the effect of sunlight on slumber—established sleep research as a separate, significant medical field.



DAVID J. PHILLIP/AP

NUMBERS



\$10 million How much presidential candidate Steve Forbes is spending on a summer advertising blitz

\$10 million Price Forbes is asking for his private Pacific island, Laucala, estimated to be worth \$70 million



3,100 lbs. Amount of roast pork Forbes bought to attract supporters during Iowa's straw poll

\$2 million Amount it cost Forbes to come in second in the nonbinding poll

\$500,238 Amount it cost Iowa Governor Thomas Vilsack to get elected in '98, including the primary campaign

4,921: 9,513 Forbes voters vs. attendance at the Iowa Barnstormers' football game the previous evening



85% How much of Forbes' spending so far has come from his own pocket

\$37.4 million How much Forbes spent during his 1996 campaign

11 Times he could run for President before he went bankrupt, if he spent the same amount each time

FORBES: FORBES

Sources: Washington Post, USA Today, FORBES, Washington Times, Des Moines Register, Almanac of American Politics, Federal Election Commission

SPEAKING IN TONGUES



SAY WHAT? Does it sometimes seem that the 74 English-speaking countries are separated by a common language? Encarta has created the first world English dictionary. We asked them for some help. Here's the resulting glossolalia glossary:



Underpants: pants (Britain), underdaks (Australia)
Police: bobby (Britain), garda (Ireland), Mountie (Canada), police wallah (South Asia)

Porch: stoep (South Africa), gallery (Caribbean)

Ghost or Monster: duppy (Caribbean), wendigo (Canada), taniwha (New Zealand)



Bar: pub (Britain), hotel (Australia), boozer (Britain, Australia, New Zealand)



Bathroom: loo (Britain), dunny (Australia), lav (Britain, South Africa)

Barbecue: braai (South Africa), barbie (Australia)

Pickup Truck: bakkie (South Africa), ute (Australia), utility vehicle (New Zealand)



Eggplant: aubergine (Britain), bhaigan (Caribbean)

Bubba: norm (Australia), Hoser (Canada)

In quake-ravaged Turkey, tales of death, destruction and survival bring home a tragedy beyond comprehension

By JOHANNA MCGEARY

EVERY HOUR COUNTS WHEN PEOPLE ARE BURIED alive. At 3:02 a.m. last Tuesday, the ground shook violently for 45 sec. under northwestern Turkey, entombing tens of thousands of sleeping families. When dawn broke, the fierce August sun burned down on hundreds of square miles of earthquake-ravaged cities and towns. The densely populated industrial heartland of the country lay in ruin, some 40,000 buildings smashed by nature's power into mountains of shattered concrete and sharp, mangled steel. Ghostly voices cried out from dark holes beneath the rubble, pleading for rescue.

In the race to save the living, men with bulldozers and jackhammers and bare hands clawed into the dangerously teetering piles. Disaster experts from abroad, volunteers from around the country, neighbors from the next street dug desperately to reach the faint sounds of life still echoing from the debris. Here a frail three-year-old girl was pulled out, barely moving but alive. There a

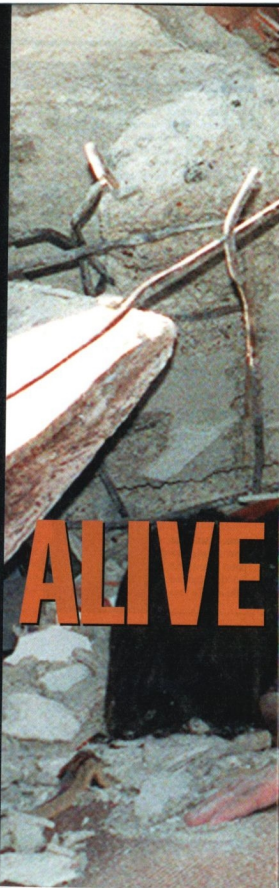
BURIED

woman was extricated, still breathing, after rescuers spent eight hours delicately prying away the fallen slabs. At every dusty mound that was once an apartment house, survivors pleaded for help in finding loved ones. "My brother is still there," says Özgür Taylan, 12, pointing to the remains of the building where he lived in the gutted town of Golcuk. Özgür and his mother escaped with no time to spare. "I thought I was going to die."

The extent of the damage rapidly overwhelmed the Turkish government's capacity to respond. Search teams came pouring in from abroad, hundreds of specialists from the U.S., Europe, Israel,

FACE OF DESPAIR
Trapped in her building, Emine Kacar of Izmit tried in vain to keep her children from dying

CELANA REYNOLDS—ANADOLU AGENCY/SPA





WORLD

Russia, even traditional enemy Greece. Yet hope dwindled for the estimated 35,000 people who may remain locked in the wreckage of Turkey's punishing earthquake. After the first three days, successful rescues grew more and more sporadic. Without water, in the cruel heat, few of the trapped can survive more than 72 hrs., no matter how strong the will to live. There might still be a miracle or two. But the hopelessness for the rest reverberated in the trembling voice of Prime Minister Bülent Ecevit as he acknowledged, "It is not possible to reach them all."

Two thousand dead. Four thousand dead. Ten thousand dead. Ten thousand injured, 18,000, 34,000. As the tolls rose each day, the figures grew numbing, the magnitude of the disaster hard to grasp. Almost 100,000 Turks left homeless; \$20 billion lost in property and production; a sense of despair overtaking the country. **THE PEOPLE ARE HELPLESS, THE STATE IS HELPLESS, WE CAN'T EVEN FIND ANYWHERE TO PUT OUR DEAD,** read the headline in the *Sabah* newspaper.

Amid the grim, impersonal regularity of natural disasters, we are often unmoved by statistics. It is the individual snapshots that bring Turkey's tragedy home. In the devastated town of Düzce, a British rescuer wedged deep in a narrow crevice heard a tap-tap-tap so close he could almost touch whoever was making the sound. Then an aftershock cascaded masonry through the 30-ft. tunnel as the rescuers slithered back out. When they took another route and reached the spot where the tapping had been heard, two dead bodies lay there. "It hurts when it ends like this," team leader Ray Gray told the *Times* of London. "But you have to push on."

In Golcuk, Midhat Özgün watched angrily as rescue teams with winches passed by the collapsed seven-story building where his cousin Ahmed Bulut had lived on the fifth floor with his wife. "We had to stand bodily in the road to get one to stop and help us," said Özgün. For four hours, he and several French aid workers pulled apart blocks of concrete, uncovering the air pocket where the Buluts had lain safely beneath two dead bodies for 84 hrs. Özgün wept for joy at their survival, but he was still angry as he looked around. "There are so many apartment blocks here where there has been no help."

As Friday night came to Izmit, the largest city near the quake's epicenter, an experienced search-and-rescue team from Fairfax County, Va., gathered up its dogs and fiber-optic sensor cables, convinced there was no one left alive to save. Yılmaz Yıldırım begged the team to go on combing through a pancaked building for more of his family. His sister had been pulled out



"Every minute was like a year."

Ömur Kinay, 20, an Istanbul student, lies in the hospital, right, after being pulled from the remains of her home, above. "I embraced my mother," Kinay recalls, "but suddenly our house was destroyed. When I was under my house, I tried to breathe slowly. Every minute was like a year." Her mother was among the dead.





ANATOLIAN AGENCY/NOVA



ALP FRED KASIM/NOVA/NOVA

"All my family is lost."

"I was at my friend's house, and my husband was with my kids at home. When the earthquake started, I was on my way back home. Suddenly, all the buildings collapsed. I lay on the ground and waited for it to stop. After the earthquake, the electricity was gone, and I couldn't find the building, though I passed by three times. All my family is lost." —NERMIN YAK, 35, housewife



"... my son took me out from the stones."

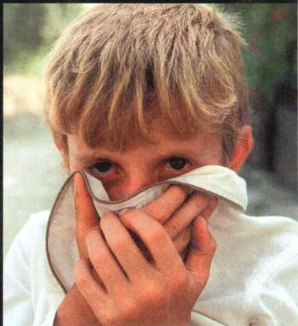
"I woke up with a huge noise. I tried to run outside my room, but I fell down beside the door, broke my left arm and waited for help. After an hour or two, my son found me and took me out from the stones. One of my daughters is in the hospital; two of them are under the building."

—MUSTAFA KARABATAK, 49, secondary-school teacher

"My brother is still there."

"My mom woke me up, and we ran away from the building. She brought me to the park and stayed with me all night. I was so scared and thought I was going to die. My brother is still there, and I hope we will find him."

—OZGUR TAYLAN, 12, student

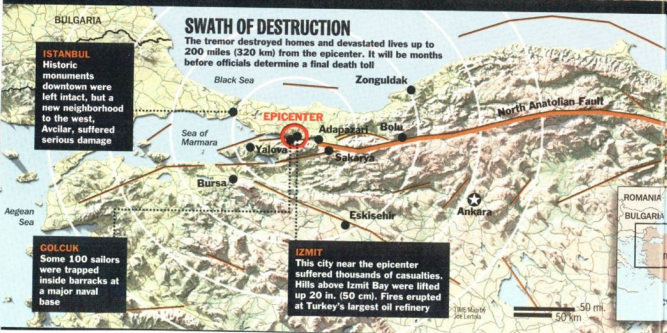


REUTERS/NOVA/NOVA



DEEP IMPACT

In Golcuk, a mosque stood firmly, even as poorly built structures fell





Key

- Major fault lines
- Other fault lines
- Cities with major damage



A CENTURY OF QUAKEs

The magnitude of an earthquake, measured on the Richter scale, does not determine the death toll, which depends on how densely populated the area is and the quality of building construction.

Location	Date	Fatalities	Magnitude
Izmit, Turkey	Aug. 17, 1999	could exceed 40,000	7.4
Kobe, Japan	Jan. 17, 1995	5,500	6.9
Northridge, Calif.	Jan. 17, 1994	57	6.7
San Francisco	Oct. 17, 1989	63	7.1
Tangshan, China	July 28, 1976	255,000	8.0
Northern Peru	May 31, 1970	66,000	7.8
Erzincan, Turkey	Dec. 26, 1939	30,000	8.0
Yokohama-Tokyo	Sept. 1, 1923	143,000	8.3
Messina, Italy	Dec. 28, 1908	70,000-100,000	7.5
San Francisco	April 18, 1906	700	8.3

alive the day before, her 26-year-old son retrieved dead. Yildirim was sure he could hear an alarm clock ringing, a signal that might be coming from his missing uncle and cousin. He was not ready to come to terms with disappointment. As the Americans departed, he rounded up bystanders to help heave away twisted beams perched precariously atop the rubble.

Very soon there will be no more survivors to find. The ruins are giving up the dead now—children frozen in sleep, adults contorted in terror, corpses beginning to decay. The stench of putrefying flesh choked the air in hard-hit centers like Izmit, Golcuk and Yalova as bodies were stacked in overflowing morgues, refrigerated trucks, an ice rink. Eager to bury the dead for health reasons and to follow Muslim custom, government authorities photographed victims for later identification, then quickly interred them in mass graves.

The country remains ill equipped to cope with the shocks. After its worst tremor since a quake took 30,000 lives in 1939, terror and grief soon gave way to rage and recrimination. Survivors blamed government authorities and the 450,000-strong army for worsening the devastation by failing to provide effective rescue workers and equipment. When help did arrive in shattered communities, officials could not adequately deploy it. Most services, from water and power to health and sanitation, were a shambles, raising the threat of disease outbreaks.

Public outrage quickly focused on the substandard apartment blocks that boosted the quake's toll. Most of the dead were crushed as they slept when their cheap, hastily built housing crumpled. Newspapers pointed at greedy contractors who used shoddy materials, slipshod methods and the help of corrupt officials to bypass building codes and ignore quake-proofing requirements. Block after block of flimsy flats, thrown up to accommodate rural migrants to the cities, collapsed while solid buildings withstood the temblor with barely a crack. In Yalova, where scores of apartment houses virtually disintegrated, citizens nearly lynched the local builder and set his car on fire. "The contractors who put up these buildings have committed mass murder," said Interior Minister Saadetdin Tantan on Thursday as officials promised harsh punishment.

That will bring no consolation to the families of the dead. Nor will survivors find it easy to remake their lives amid the country's troubled economy and embattled government. Yet hardest of all for the traumatized people of Turkey may be regaining the simplest of faiths: trust in the stability of the ground beneath their feet.

—With reporting by Andrew Finkel/Izmit

"I'VE MADE MISTAKES ..."

Bush says he's been drug-free for seven—no, 25 years. You got a problem with that?

By NANCY GIBBS

AS GOVERNOR OF TEXAS, GEORGE W. Bush has been adamant on the subject of drugs: Stay away from them; expect to go to jail if you're caught with them; and don't ask me whether I ever used them. While every other Republican candidate denied ever taking illegal drugs, Bush continued to hold to his line: "I've made mistakes in the past, and I've learned from my mistakes." Period. It was time, he said, for someone to put an end to the politics of personal destruction, and in the context of the past year, when America completed its excruciating graduate seminar in truth, character and privacy, he had history and public sentiment on his side. In a *TIME/CNN* poll last week, 84% of those surveyed didn't think youthful cocaine use should disqualify him from being President.

But on the heels of his Iowa victory, something suddenly snapped. At each

press conference, Bush dropped another veil. First he said he could pass the White House background check that asks appointees whether they have used drugs in the past seven years. The next day it was up to 25 years. Even people who thought reporters had no business asking the questions were surprised by how Bush was answering them. By the end of the week, Bush allies wondered why he was giving so much oxygen to a story he needs to smother. It's not that they're suddenly worried he could lose; they just started wondering whether he'll be ready if he wins.

It was the first big public test of Bush's instincts and of his staff, and the results were pretty wobbly. On Wednesday morning in New Orleans, Sam Attlesley of the *Dallas Morning News* pulled Bush aside to ask him yet another drug question, this time about whether, as President, he could meet the same qualifications as the people he hired when it came to FBI background checks concern-

ing illegal drug use. Bush was at first confused, and he gave his stock answer about not cataloging the sins of his distant past. Then he and his team piled into the motorcade to head for a fund raiser at the Fairmont Hotel.

But as Bush sat in his suite with his longtime friend and finance chairman Don Evans, finance director Jack Oliver and media adviser Mark McKinnon, he kept chewing on the question. The calls went out, to chief strategist Karl Rove and communications director Karen Hughes. It was one thing to refuse to talk about drugs—but this was about White House security and double standards. "Imagine the ad our opponents could make if we didn't answer the question," said an adviser. "As President, George W. Bush would maintain a double standard when it comes to illegal drug use by White House employees—one for him and one for everybody else." And so they agreed that Bush should call Attlesley back and confirm that he would meet all the standards himself. Case closed.

It wasn't until after the New Orleans fund-raising dinner that night, as the entourage boarded a private jet for Roanoke, Va., that some advisers began to feel queasy. The logical follow-up question, they realized, would be, "What about during your father's Administration?" It was slowly dawning on them that the hole was just getting deeper. And that was even before checking the *Dallas* paper's website upon landing and seeing the nightmare headline: BUSH SAYS HE HASN'T USED DRUGS IN LAST SEVEN YEARS.

"Oh, my God!" groaned an adviser privately. Working by phone and e-mail, Bush and his top advisers weighed the options into the night. Bush decided he

THE PUBLIC REACTION A TIME/CNN poll shows surprising tolerance

If Bush did use cocaine in his 20s, should that disqualify him from being President?

Yes 11%
No 84%

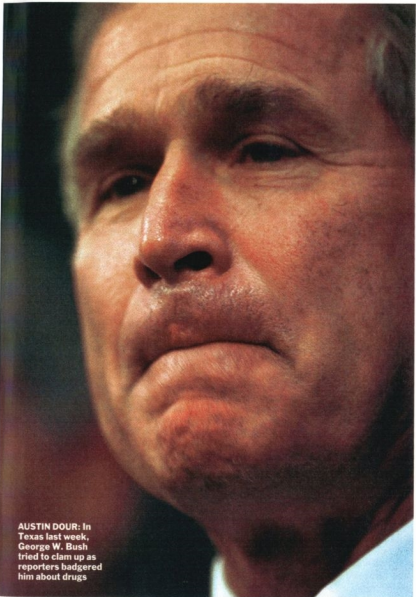
Should reporters be asking Bush questions about the allegation that he used cocaine?

Yes 36%
No 58%

Should a candidate have to answer questions about whether he used cocaine in the past?

	Yes	No
August	48%	49%
June	60%	38%

From a telephone poll of 942 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Aug. 19 by YankeeLynch Partners, Inc. Sampling error is $\pm 3.3\%$.



AUSTIN DOUR: In Texas last week, George W. Bush tried to clam up as reporters badgered him about drugs

WHITE HOUSE PHOTOGRAPHY

used drugs in 25 years. (If anyone proves he did use drugs after 1974, says an old Bush adviser, "he's cooked.") Pressing these charges when there is still no evidence to support them is just going to backfire on reporters, they argued, not without reason in light of the growing disgust with jugular journalism. But it was still a screwup, and in many private phone calls in and out of Austin, Bush loyalists admitted as much—just not to Bush. A long-distance ally says of the Austin staff, "No one's got the brains or b___ to go in and say, 'Governor, you are really, really hurting yourself.'"

What had some friends worried was that the story wasn't just about cocaine. Drugs and alcohol are, in the unchoreographed dance of candidate, reporters and voters, metaphors for something that actually matters: whether a candidate has the gravity and judgment to be President. This time last year, the country was practically screaming at Clinton to tell the grand jury the truth and all would be forgiven. Last week it wasn't just Bush's gleeful rivals who were saying he should confess any relevant sins. Well-meaning allies were telling the Governor the same thing and warning that the alternative was worse, damaging Bush's principal claim to the White House—the fact that he's not Bill Clinton.

Bush presents himself as a straight-talking Texan who does not mince words or parse meanings, does not run late or overeat or flirt with women not his wife. His biggest applause line is his vow to restore dignity and honor to the office. And so it was positively painful for friends to watch the Governor admitting that he made mistakes when he was younger but that "I don't want to send a signal to children that whatever I may have done is O.K." His nondenial was not as bad as Clinton's infamous "I never broke the laws of my country," but it was sung in the same key.

This is especially dangerous for a candidate whose spectacular early success in raising Republican hopes and cash owes more to who he is than to what he's done—and more specifically, to who his father is and what the Bush brand has come to mean. For many in the Governor's camp, the race is about restoring a moral bearing to politics, a return to the days when people (named Bush) who were groomed for high office brought credit and honor to it. Among Bush supporters there are the revenge camp, which wants to take back the White House from the Great Pretender, and the redemption camp—those who ran off

would have to move the boundary markers again. He'd volunteer that he could have passed even the 15-year background check in effect when his father was inaugurated in 1989. This would finally lay the story to rest, they imagined, if they stretched the drug-free zone all the way back to 1974, when he was 28. "It speaks to his life as a mature person," explained press secretary Mindy Tucker.

Having acknowledged that questions about background checks were legitimate, Bush backed into yet another trap.

When NBC's David Bloom noted that current White House appointees must list any drug use since their 18th birthday, Bush suddenly stopped answering and ducked back behind his stone wall. He'd admitted making mistakes; if voters didn't like that answer, he said, "they can go find somebody else to vote for. That's the wonderful thing about democracy."

By the end of the day Bush aides were calling their predicament a strategy. He has drawn the line, they said, marked out the statute of limitations, said he hasn't

WHAT HE SAID

Bush's responses as they evolved through a difficult week

Somebody floats a rumor and it causes you to ask a question, and that's the game in American politics, and I refuse to play it. That is a game. You just fell for the trap ... [The people of America are sick and tired of this kind of politics. And I'm not participating.] Austin, Texas, news conference, Wednesday morning

I made some mistakes years ago, but I learned from my mistakes. Baton Rouge, La., news conference, Wednesday afternoon

As I understand it, the current [FBI] form asks the question, "Did somebody use drugs within the last seven years?" and I

will be glad to answer that question, and the answer is no. Dallas Morning News, Thursday

Not only could I pass the background check and the standards applied to today's White House, but I could have passed the background check ... when my dad was President of the United States, a 15-year period. Roanoke, Va., news conference, Thursday morning

I have told the American people all I'm going to tell them ... I don't want to send a signal to children that whatever I may have done is O.K. Columbus, Ohio, news conference, Thursday afternoon

with Clinton in 1992, lived to regret it and want to make amends. Both have placed their hopes in the son, and last week they were left shaking their head. As a long-time adviser put it, "Why replace one self-indulgent baby boomer with another, who's trading on his daddy's famous name?"

At his worst moments last week, Bush looked not so much like Clinton, who was re-elected, but like his father, who wasn't. George Sr. had an expression that went like this: If you're so damned smart, how come you aren't President of the United States? That cockiness surfaced like a genetic code in his son's handling of the drug questions. Even some aides who privately wished he would put the rumors to rest were convinced they'd be slapped down if they suggested it. "The lasting damage to Bush is not that now everyone

thinks he did drugs," an adviser says. "No one cares about what you did 30 years ago. The lasting damage is the way he's reacted, showing his annoyance and anger. He's beginning to look like a guy with very thin skin. And the problem is that it's true—he does have very thin skin."

Happily for Bush, the only folks in an equally squirmy position were the reporters raising the questions. There was still not a shred of evidence of drug use. A lot of reporters wouldn't much like to answer these questions themselves. Voters have made it clear they don't care. In June, 60% of voters said they thought candidates should answer questions about cocaine use, but after last week's ruckus, less than half thought so. And when Bush argues that his answers are part of a principled fight to clean up the process, he is appealing to a palpable national longing.

Bush all but said the other candidates, with their instant denials and coy cooperation with the witch-hunts, were taking the easy way out. By answering any and all questions, they imply that nothing is out of bounds, not even questions about rumors of drug use from an unelected press corps that has its own skeletons. His approach was harder to pull off: raise the bar, create a zone of privacy, don't fall into the trap of trying to prove a negative. The problem is that Bush went about his nondisclosure selectively. In a political age when biography is destiny, Bush has not exactly clammed up on personal matters, detailing over time his history as a drinker, his religious conversion, his fidelity to his wife Laura. It amounts to saying that when it comes to electing a President, it is relevant whether he ever committed adultery but not whether he ever committed a felony.

It was certainly relevant to Shastan Cooke. The ninth-grader got to meet the Governor last week in Columbus, Ohio, at the welfare training center where he works. "Do well," the Governor said in a kind of blessing, before telling the crowd that it was time to say "Enough is enough." After Bush left, Cooke was asked whether it would matter if the Governor had ever done drugs. "It would make a difference," said the boy, who knew about what drug use had done to his neighborhood. "That's sending a message that you can do drugs and get away with it." And that's exactly the message Bush says he is determined to avoid.

—Reported by James Carney and Michael Duffy/Washington and Dick Thompson with Bush

Just Say No

By JAMES CARVILLE

WHAT I WANT TO SAY to the press is "Don't ask." And what I want to say to George W. is "Don't tell." I don't have any confidence that the press will take my advice. Like drunks, they vow every four years to stop covering scandal. They go up to Harvard to dry out, and then they come back craving more. But I think the Governor just might listen to me,

not only because my wife Mary is a friend of his and a supporter but because I've seen his share of scandals.

So why should he keep quiet? Because once you start answering, you're never going to be able to stop. Cocaine? How many times did you do it? Where? Who was your source? (That person might still be at large!) It's like an elevator that has no down button. It just gets higher and higher.

They'll try to trick you into answering questions.

First they'll say, "It's not about drugs; it's about" —fill in the blank. It's about "judgment" or "honesty" or "security clearances." Forget it. It's always about the drugs. The

other thing is not to be seduced by the claim that if you just answer this one question, it will all be over. The next time you get a drug question the only appropriate answer is, What part of no don't you understand?

What you did 25 years ago doesn't matter; what you did during the past 25

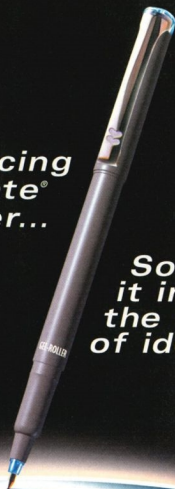
days should matter. And I'll pose a question to you, Governor. Recently you said you'd sign the Republican tax bill as is. And you also said you'd repeal the Clinton tax increases and expand the earned-income tax credit to reach more people. No disrespect meant to the office of the Governor of Texas, but to put it bluntly, how are you gonna pay for it, Hoss? If you did a little "blow" 25 years ago, that's your business. But if you blow our prosperity in the next 25 months, that's our business.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY W. KATZ

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The Mutant Brady Bunch

Meet Salt Lake City's clean-cut, anti-drug street gang—and tremble



STRAIGHT EDGER: Haselton says his group gets its "rush" from fighting

By **STEVE LOPEZ** SALT LAKE CITY

THINGS DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT FOR Josh Anderson in the Mormon church. Nor did a nondenominational Christian upbringing light the way for Randy Haselton. But neither teen gave up entirely on structure and clean living in Utah. The boys hooked up with Straight Edge, an anti-drug gang of middle-class kids, and discovered new passions. Josh became a vegan and firebombed a McDonald's; Randy enjoys beating the tar out of people.

When the Olympics come to Salt Lake City in 2002, the phrase "Let the Games begin" may take on a whole new meaning. Randy, 19, has been known to wield a samurai sword and says, in the spirit of true sportsmanship, "You know that if you've hit a kid in the head with a bat and he drops, you don't hit him again." Josh, now 20, is probably not the best guy to run through Salt Lake with the Olympic torch. He has no regrets about taking down that

McDonald's. He is probably going to cool it from now on, though, he said recently, as he and his fiancé prepared to be married by a Mormon bishop.

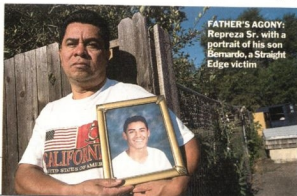
What next, Amish teens slashing car tires with garden hoes?

Salt Lake City has a problem far more interesting than tornadoes and gold-medal scandals. Some would have you believe that if you bite into a burger or light a cigarette in the Utah capital, you risk being pummeled by one or more of an estimated 50 to 100 Straight Edge kids, and there might not be a more terrifying image than marauding teens who look like the tattooed, mutant kin of the Brady Bunch. The

threat, fortunately, turns out to be an exaggeration. But Mormon Elder Alexander Morrison, fearing that Straight Edge could lure teenagers because it shares some philosophies with the church, uses three words to sum up a warning he sent to church leaders: "Steer them clear."

It is unclear how Salt Lake City, of all places, wound up with the most crime-happy crew within Straight Edge, an unstructured international movement of young people, many of them pacifists who don't get high or sleep around and would never dream of calling themselves gang members. Even Utah's nonviolent Straight Edgers, who constitute the vast majority of the state's several hundred members, are clueless as to what went wrong here.

Maybe it's just that in Utah, joining a social order devoted to clean living doesn't exactly distinguish you. Firebombing meat and leather outlets, using pipe bombs on a fur-trading office and setting minks free, however—as Straight Edgers and closely linked animal liberationists have been accused of doing over the



FATHER'S AGONY: Repreza Sr. with a portrait of his son Bernardo, a Straight Edge victim

STILL: GUY LAWRENCE—LANSING; TOP: TIM G.



EDGER DOS:

- Enter the mosh pit at concerts (but don't hurt anyone)
- Think about ways of saving Planet Earth
- Resist the vulgarities and excesses of popular culture

EDGER DON'TS:

- Drink alcohol or get high on drugs
- Be promiscuous or behave like "a slut"
- Be a thug (unless you live in Utah)


PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES M. HARRIS

his political purpose. Josh Anderson at least has a cause. He says he drifted to Straight Edge, and the hard-core, punk rock-like music that is part of the scene, after his mother was ostracized by the Mormon church for coming out as a lesbian. He listened to a band named Earth Crisis, read books on animal liberation and became a vegan. One night in 1996, he and some Straight Edge mates drove by a McDonald's still under construction. "We joked and said it would be neat if we burned it down," he says. And so they did, going in with gasoline cans. "I had a Molotov cocktail. I waited until everyone was out in the car. I threw it and ran."

This was a vegan act and not Straight Edge, says Josh, who has completed probation. Asked why Utah Straight Edgers are prone to violence, he says, "Maybe because this isn't the most exciting town, and a lot of kids need a cause."

But it's not the violent fringe that interests University of Utah assistant professor Theresa Martinez. It's the nonviolent majority. "Thank God someone is coming out and saying we need structure," says Martinez, whose Straight Edge e-mail pals tell of alienation and disillusionment. Ryan Spelley, 26, a teaching assistant at the University of Utah and a longtime Straight Edge and pacifist, says the organization constitutes a rebellion against a culture that glorifies heroin chic and the idea that you have to smoke or wear Guess? jeans to be cool.

But as gang-force detectives Robin Howell and Troy Siebert pull up to a perfect tract house in suburban Kearns on an assault investigation, imagine the horror of John Lim, a mail carrier who has tried to steer his three sons clear of Straight Edge. The detectives are in Lim's garage now, breaking down his stepson Jesse, 20, with a splendid good-cop, bad-cop routine. Jesse admits throwing a pipe at another kid during a fight at a cemetery, but he downplays the gravity of what police are calling a possible felony assault and swears that he is not a Straight Edger.

"Oh, yes, he is," his father says, emerging from the house. And so are Jesse's two brothers, Lim adds with regret. Jesse, outed as a tough guy, tells all to the cops, a quiver in his throat. If he goes to jail instead of going on the Mormon mission abroad that he's been counting on, Lim says, it's his own fault. "I sure wish I understood what this Straight Edge was all about." ■

past several years—tend to drop you under consideration for membership in the church choir.

It is possible that more light will be shed on the subject next month, when the first of three Straight Edgers goes on trial for the murder last Halloween of Bernardo Repreza Jr., 15, a Hispanic youth. Repreza, whose father moved here from California to get his son away from violence, was attacked with a bat, a knife and police batons. "I don't understand," Bernardo Repreza Sr. says of a bizarre culture in which having a beer is taboo but clubbing someone to death is A-O.K. "It's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard."

Local police say Repreza and some buddies got into an exchange of taunts with kids on the street. Police insist it was neither gang related nor racially motivated, but in the brawl that ensued, Straight Edgers squared off against non-Straight Edgers, and racial slurs were heard.

With the Olympics coming to town, "some people are trying to downplay [the Straight Edge threat]," says James Yapias, a correctional and educational consultant. Others suggest that the group would get more attention if the bad guys were black or

Hispanic. Nonsense, say police. Of the 200 gang-related felonies last year in Salt Lake County, only three were by Straight Edgers. They might be the oddest gang, but they're not the baddest. They don't even have guns.

Randy Haselton, who has multiple arrests for fighting, says Edgers won't back down if anyone "talks sh...". But as for cruising around looking to beat people up, he says, "that's a lot of crap."

"Yes, and it's just by coincidence," mocks Salt Lake County sheriff's deputy Brad Harmon, "that if something happens, they've got samurai swords, chains and knives in the trunk."

"I'm not going to say we haven't started fights," Randy admits. "We don't do drugs. We get our rush from fights."

Last year, outside a pizza joint, University of Utah student Mike Orthner says, "I asked a stranger for a light, and he said, 'We don't believe in that.'" Next thing Orthner knew, he was clocked with brass knuckles, and "some wacko" was waving a sword. Assault charges against Randy, who claimed he "didn't hit anybody with it," were dropped for lack of evidence.

For all his willingness to pound his chest, Randy is utterly unable to articulate

Designed to Be Different

Ford's J Mays heads a list of auto stylists who can now make what they want—or maybe what we want

By FRANK GIBNEY JR. DEARBORN

ONCE UPON A TIME WE REALLY cared about our cars, and why not? Draped in chrome, sleek Lincolns and Cadillacs boasted bulbous front bumpers and mammoth tail fins that just screamed power. Smooth street rockets like the Chrysler 300 were breathtakers, although they could seem insignificant next to the glamorous elegance of Mercedes-Benz and Porsche designs. Sex was styled into every curve in those days. Under the hoods growled throaty tigers that guzzled gas, although everyone knew cars really ran on testosterone.

Then came a couple of oil crises and an army of wickedly shrewd engineers from a country called Japan, and cars were reduced to a lowest common denominator that was all about efficiency and reliability. Design took a backseat to gas mileage, and the result was that one car on the road looked a lot like the next, if not exactly like a Toyota Camry or Honda Accord. Smooth with little edge on the outside, functional within—how many cup holders does yours have? Even luxury cars, from Lexus to Lincoln, have become all but generic, right down to their CD players and navigation systems. Think of them as wombats with a view. Reliable? Absolutely. Efficient? You bet. Dull? Unequivocally.

So now comes a man named J Mays (that's right—first initial, no period) leading a crusade to make the automobile matter again. Mays is the man who brought us the first car with turn-of-the-century distinction, Volkswagen's alluring "new" Beetle. In 1997 the then 42-year-old Oklahoman was tapped to become chief of design—the youngest ever—at Ford Motor Co., itself in the midst of a crusade to be different, better and

above all more consumer focused.

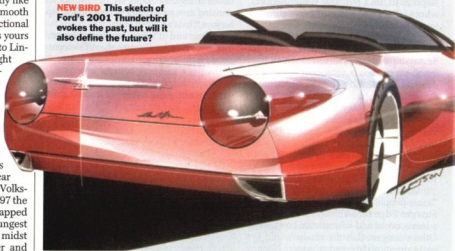
Mays is an articulate spokesman for a new generation of industrial artists who aim to bring us what we want rather than products that are prisoners of the engineering and manufacturing departments. "Cars have become appliances instead of something you lust after," complains Mays. "We've been designing from the inside out—hawking sheet metal to consumers instead of considering their wants and aspirations and desires, and now they're looking for someone to help them."

We sure are. Consumers these days face a jumble of look-alike products, from toothbrushes and teapots to sport-utility vehicles. So in the battle for our wallets, design has become a more critical component. "With all the noise out there, the trick now is to be as creative as you can in observing and then interpreting your expressive abilities," says Jerry Hirshberg, president of Nissan Design International,

which, by the way, has been commissioned to design not just cars but also golf clubs and yachts and, most recently, to remake the Los Angeles Times.

Today's design revolution extends beyond cars. It is reverberating from Detroit to Madison Avenue, from the automobile right down the product chain to such simple items as trash cans. Design magazines are hot (*Architectural Digest* is about to launch a new publication called *Motoring*). Moreover, signature design is no longer the realm of the snobby, afford-anything rich. Ask Martha Stewart, or the prominent architects and furniture and car designers who swap industries these days just to give products that extra mark of distinction. Thus Hirshberg, who began his career as a Pontiac designer, is doing a newspaper. An everyman-discount store like Target, for instance, hires architect Michael Graves to design a toaster. And an everyman-car company like Ford hires a product design-

NEW BIRD This sketch of Ford's 2001 Thunderbird evokes the past, but will it also define the future?





ECHO BOOMER The new Ford Focus is zooming in on a youthful audience

er like Australian Marc Newson to do a sprightly concept car.

No product is as much about lifestyle, of course, as the car. "Like rock 'n' roll and the movies, industrial design is one of the great art forms of the 20th century, and cars are the very height of industrial design," says Stephen Bayley, one of Britain's leading industrial-design gurus and the curator of a current exhibition on automobiles at London's Royal College of Art.

No product but the car demands such elegance in spite of its complexity. No other consumer commodity is expected to be so exclusive and yet so affordable. So personal. So emotional. "I don't think [Target executive] Ron Johnson, Martha Stewart or I would be able to talk as much about design today if it weren't for what has happened in automotive design," says architect Graves. "The world has just turned around."

And designers are turning it, ever more

conscious of their increasing influence. "We're not here just to shape a car—we're cultural architects," says Freeman Thomas, who collaborated with Mays on the Beetle and designed the revolutionary Audi TT Coupé before being hired away by DaimlerChrysler this summer. The language of design is all about connecting with people. Or, as Mays says, "it's the battle for their heartstrings."

In the case of the Beetle, that meant a simple car that reminded us of the Love Bug but didn't leave us feeling like antiques collectors. There is very little that is practical about the Volkswagen Beetle. But like the great cars of yore, it has a personality that lets buyers say, "Look at me!" And so dealers haven't been able to keep them in stock. "The new Beetle fails at most categories," says Nissan's Hirshberg. "The only thing it doesn't fail in is drop-dead charm."

Some critics dismiss this as "retro," and that draws a grimace from Mays, who prefers words like "progressive." But he admits that one thing he learned in his 14 years of designing cars for Volkswagen/Audi is that you never look forward without first looking over your shoulder. Not surprisingly, the first design from Ford that bears Mays' signature is the 2001 Thunderbird, which at a glance looks distinctly like



“Cars are not simply to get you from place to place. They ought to be entertainment.”

—J MAYS, Ford vice president for design who wants to add a little lusty fun to everyday cars

STREET ROCKETS

Car designers are striving to supplant automotive efficiency with glamour and passion

TRUCKIN'

The Dodge Powerwagon, above right, may be a concept today, but it's not far from what designers hope will be in the showrooms soon. The truck's futuristic console is a reminder that DaimlerChrysler is the industry leader in risky, eye-popping design. Look for new materials like brushed aluminum and alloy space frames



GERMANY SWINGS A concept wagon from Porsche, above, hints at future car/truck hybrids; the Audi TT Coupé, designed by a Yank, is a breather, coming soon to a showroom near you



the 1957 model of the same name. Others must agree, given the fleet of nostalgic new models coming from the likes of Chrysler, Jaguar and Nissan.

Yet retro is just one niche in a sweeping new product landscape. Twenty years ago, there were cars and trucks. Today there are cars, trucks, sport-utility vehicles, sport-utility trucks and minivans. The variety will only broaden. Henry Ford showed us that mass production based on a single design was the best way to make an affordable car. Even as vehicles became vastly more complex, that formula held fast because model changeovers were expensive. But computer simulation and advances in production technology and materials have dramatically driven down costs. Companies can now profit on production runs of fewer than 20,000, as opposed to the old threshold of 100,000.

That's a different world for auto companies, and Ford CEO Jac Nasser hired Mays as part of a grand strategy to revolutionize the tradition-bound carmaker and reposition car manufacturing as a consumer-driven enterprise. The world's second largest automaker controls seven brands, from the utilitarian Ford to the exotic Aston Martin. This spring Ford acquired Volvo; it already owns Jaguar and a controlling interest in Japan's Mazda. So the design chief is picking his way through them and

hiring talent from Japan and Germany. His mission of the moment: to revive such sagging brands as Lincoln and Mercury, while adding new panache to Ford.

Mays is no gearhead. A passionate man who peppers his conversation with references to such architects as Mies van der Rohe and Frank Gehry, Mays first studied journalism but was spending so much time drawing cars that he ended up at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena (Calif.). After graduation, Mays was hired by Audi, and Germany gave him a completely new feel for the world of art and design. He became a Bauhaus disciple, an admirer of the elegance of spare form. And he soaked up the tradition that gave us automotive works of art like the Porsche speedster.

What brings him from the Bauhaus to your garage is an unusual appreciation of the importance of marketing. In the mid-1990s, he became disillusioned with the "Teutonic order" at Audi and left. For two years before he came to Ford, Mays was immersed in the world of "visual positioning" for SHR Perceptual Management, a shop in Scottsdale, Ariz. Business at SHR is all about discovering the ways in which people's psyches offer clues to their behavior as consumers. Mays approached this science as art. "Audi was very elitist and actually not unlike the arrogance of what I'm doing now, for seven brands," he acknowl-

edges. "The difference is that I now understand there's a large group of people out there who could give a flip about my high-design philosophy. They just want something that's important to them in their lives."

So Mays is always on the prowl for that something, often channel surfing late into the night, trying to divine who watches Dan Rather instead of Tom Brokaw, or why someone would watch *Ally McBeal* rather than *Dawson's Creek*. "It's fascinating to try and figure out who the tube is trying to sell to," he says.

The truth is, like an increasing number of his counterparts, Mays isn't simply a designer, he is a marketer too. The tradition in the auto business was to have the design gods speak and the marketing department listen. These days they talk to each other all the time. At Ford and Nissan, for instance, marketing researchers are fanning out around the country, asking questions and looking for ideas from the way people live. To get ideas for minivan development, for instance, Ford researchers asked people who didn't own them to create a collage of images that came to mind when they thought of minivans. The result was a mix of happy, smiling families. When minivan owners did the same exercise, however, the image that stood out was an agonized man driving a sword into his chest. The

Message: Minivans are all about the stress and anxiety of juggling families, mortgages and work. So make 'em friendlier.

The big target market is tomorrow's customers—Generation X and Generation Y, with the latter known in marketing parlance as "echo boomers." Both groups like their freedom. To understand these cohorts, designers and marketers alike are learning their language, watching their television shows, listening to their music. At Ford, the process is called "brand imaging," and it involves asking a lot of abstract questions about what people are interested in and converting the answers into a new vehicle. Does that mean designers are being reduced to cultural translators, turning the fuzzy feelings of focus groups into metal? No, says James Schroer, Ford's vice president of global marketing. There's opportunity with low-cost, low-volume production to take some real design gambles.

Despite Nasser's passion for revolution at Ford, the challenge for Mays will be to make his high sense of style work in a tradition-bound bureaucracy. As Mays strolls through one of Ford's huge design studios, he reveals his antidote to the dullness virus. "Cars are not simply to get you from place to place," he says, looking at a clay model of an echo-boomer vehicle that is part truck, part staff car. "They ought to be entertainment. We are sort of in the entertainment business."

The more Mays talks about his future designs, the more the entertainment becomes apparent. How about a sport ute with an easily removable sound system, for camping trips? Wouldn't it be nice, he asks, if the inside of your car turned sky blue, or the roof panel went translucent, just to suit your mood? How about the ultimate family car, for which everyone has a personalized key that adjusts everything for taste?

None of the Mays conceptualizing will matter until it makes it to the showroom. This month Ford introduced the Focus, a smart-looking small sedan that was rolled out in Europe to rave reviews last year. This fall Ford begins rolling out new models and concept cars at auto shows around the world. Expect a few niche busters and lots of product directed at echo boomers. There will be racy new baby versions of the popular Lincoln Navigator, and a revamped Mercury Mountaineer, not to mention at least one hybrid minivan-sport-utility vehicle built around a high-tech aluminum space frame. Then there is Mays' new Thunderbird, which may be in showrooms by 2001. Says he: "We're trying to design an experience." At the very least, that ought to make us care about our cars again. ■

The Allure of Commodity Chic

WHEN RENOWNED ARCHITECT MICHAEL GRAVES WAS ASKED OVER LUNCH two years ago whether he might want to design a line of home products for a discount-store chain, he paused. Ron Johnson, who runs the home-decor division for Target, suggested Graves stroll one of the company's 800 or so stores and place a Post-it note on every product that needed improvement. Replied the man who recently designed the award-winning Denver Central Library: "I'm not sure there are enough Post-it notes in the world."

Graves, nevertheless, wasn't too stuck up to ink a deal with Target, for whom he has designed everything from funky spatulas (\$3.99) to patio-furniture sets (\$499). Not surprisingly, his Target toaster was a silver-place winner at this year's Industrial Design Excellence Awards.

Call it commodity chic. Marketers of watches and desk chairs, lawn sets and household tools are courting the world's top artists in a bid to make design a critical selling point. Like Graves, architect Philippe Starck is busy putting his mark of conceptual brilliance on a lineup of bathroom fixtures, from sinks to urinals, for the German company Duravit.

And designer Marc Newson, 35, has done kitchen accessories for Italy's upscale Alessi, a bicycle for Denmark's Biomega, and the bar at Andre Balazs' new Standard Hotel in Los Angeles—in addition to a car for Ford.

To an extent, today's frenetic cross-fertilization in the industrial-design world is nothing new. As Graves points out, architects from Michelangelo to Frank Lloyd Wright have designed candlesticks as well as cathedrals. Never before, though, has there been such competition to define consumers' lifestyles. "There's a feeling out there that the aesthetic should be part of your life," says Tupperware head designer Morison Cousins.

In a cluttered marketplace, the pressure is on designers to divine what will entice consumers and to make it, from ice-cream scoops to condominiums. That process has become a business in itself for consultants like SHR Perceptual Management, whose clients, such as Ford, General Mills and Coca-Cola, want artistic help for their brands. "It's all about brand," says Mark



TARGET STORES



PHILIPPE STARCK

POP ART
Graves look architecture to breakfast, and other places around the home

FUNKY AND FUNCTIONAL
A sink by Philippe Starck, left; and a Pod watch by Marc Newson

Dziarski, president of the Industrial Designers Society of America. "It's attaching the personality to the product that's important."

Critics warn that the commercial connection will cheapen the artistic integrity of many designs. But the designers argue that the trend is much more important, that the opportunity to work in different disciplines helps develop talent and refine their artistic sense. And in any case, every commission presents an opportunity. One of Graves' most recent deals: to design a line of custom Cadillacs. They will not be sold at Target. —By Frank Gibney. With reporting by Julie Rawe/New York

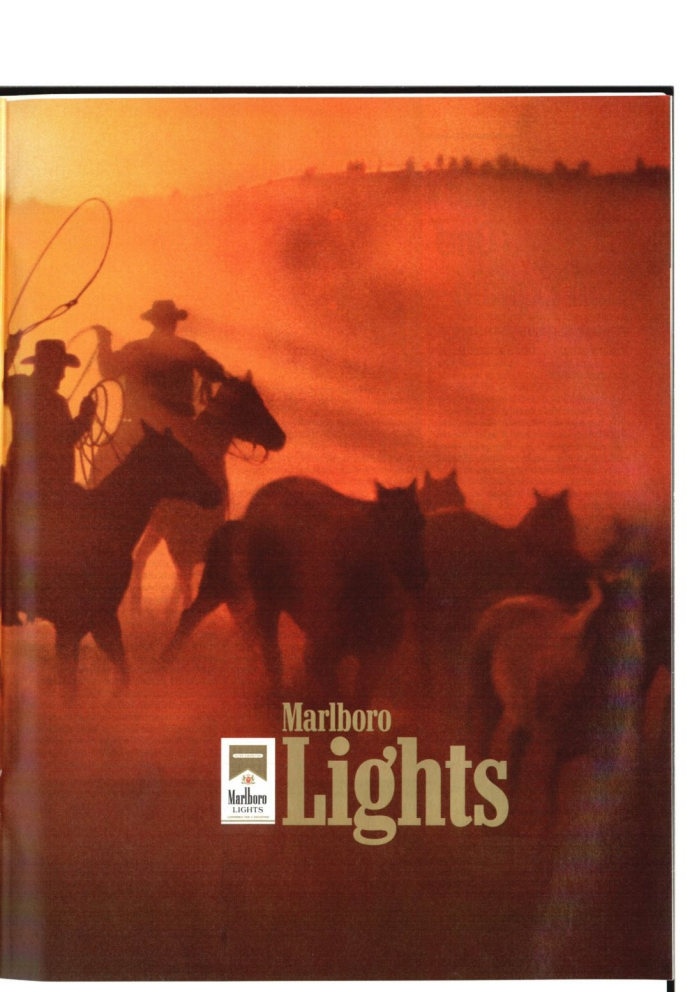


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The Cosmic Light No One Can Explain

A puzzling body stumps astronomy's best minds

By LEON JAROFF

IT ISN'T VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE, AND when viewed through a large telescope it looks very much like any of the ordinary cosmic bodies in its celestial neighborhood. But this pinpoint of light is anything but ordinary. Spotted more than three years ago, it seemed at first to be a garden-variety star—but it wasn't. It might have turned out to be an unremarkable galaxy or quasar—but it didn't. Frustrated in their attempts to learn its nature, and even its distance from Earth, astronomers have begun to refer to the mystery object as, well, the "mystery object."

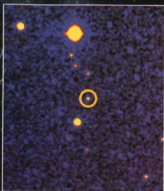
Just what the enigmatic body is has been the subject of much buzz in the astronomical community—and deservedly so. Astronomer S. George Djorgovski and his team at the California Institute of Technology first spotted the object in color photographs taken for an ongoing digitized survey of the northern skies. In one of the images, they noticed what seemed to be an oddly colored star in the constellation Serpens (the snake).

Intrigued, the Caltech team turned a larger telescope on the object to analyze its light. They were confident that the resulting spectrum, not unlike the band of colors that appears when sunlight is passed through a prism, would tell them a lot. "Once you have a star's spectrum," says Djorgovski, "you can determine its temperature, its heavy elements and how fast it's moving with respect to Earth."

Ordinarily, astronomers can take the measure of a star within hours after obtaining its spectrum. But when the Caltech astronomers got their first look at this object's spectrum, displayed in the form of an EKG-like graph on a computer screen, they were shocked. "Our mouths fell open," says Djorgovski. "I suspect that what we said was not printable. But the gist of it was, 'What the heck is this?'"

What stunned the scientists was where

A LINEUP OF CELESTIAL SUSPECTS



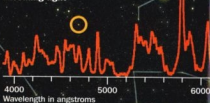
THE MYSTERY OBJECT The unexplained body, circled, is not visible without the aid of a telescope. Its odd color is what first caught the eye of scientists

Sources: California Institute of Technology; Caltech Software

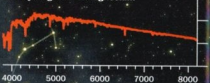
the peaks and dips of the graph fell. A trained astronomer can read a star's spectrum the way a forensic scientist reads a fingerprint, spotting almost at a glance the presence of an element like magnesium or carbon. But on this spectrum, something was drastically amiss. "It looks like somebody crumpled the spectrum," says Djorgovski. "It's not that we see things that we know about but are in the wrong place. It's simply that we don't know what they are."

The spectrum has two large peaks that may or may not mark an ample presence of an as yet unidentified element, and many small dips that probably represent segments of the spectrum where light has been absorbed by other elements—perhaps those in the object's outer atmosphere or in gas clouds between the object and Earth. Bewildered, the Caltech team looked for other answers. Maybe the object was a supernova, an exploding star, which often projects what Djorgovski calls a "weird-looking" spectrum. But the team observed the target a number of times over several months and noted no change. That ruled out a supernova's light, which grad-

COSMIC PORTRAIT The peaks in the graph may indicate an abundance of some element, but no one knows which. The dips suggest that clouds of other unknown elements are absorbing incoming light



SOLAR PROFILE A star like our sun has a predictable spectrum. The dips reveal elements like hydrogen and magnesium



ually fades after the initial explosion.

Some of the astronomers then suggested that the spectrum resembled those of a particular category of quasars—fantastically bright and distant objects powered by black holes. Only one or two of them, known as iron broad-absorption quasars, have spectra that bear a passing resemblance to that of the Caltech object. Could it be that a plethora of iron ions in the mystery object is distorting its spectrum?

"My personal guess," says Djorgovski, "is that we're dealing with a very special, sub-sub-sub-category of quasar. There may be only one of them." Or, he muses, his team may be looking at a quasar through a "very special" line of sight, a line that passes through a strange cloud of gas that accounts for its curious absorptions. But, he stresses, "I wouldn't stake any money on either of these possibilities."

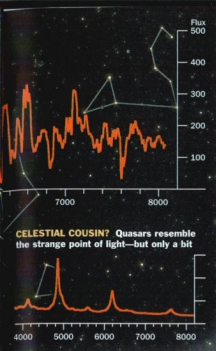
The Caltech team was reluctant to publish a report that would merely say, in Djorgovski's words, "Gee, look what we've found," without offering a viable explanation. So after three years of examining and re-examining the spectrum and vainly

IN BRIEF



Scientists Catch a Black

Astronomers looking for black holes have long known that the deck is stacked against them. In order to find a heavenly body, sky gazers ordinarily take a straightforward approach, hoping simply to eyeball the object through a telescope. But black holes, which are formed by collapsed stars or compressed matter at the center of galaxies, are so dense that nothing—not even light—can escape their gravity. Last week, however, investigators at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt,



CELESTIAL COUSIN? Quasars resemble the strange point of light—but only a bit

Watching for a Signal from E.T.

An alien call may not come by radio; lasers could get our attention too

By **FREDERIC GOLDEN**

FORGET THAT DRAMATIC MOMENT in the film *Contact* when the radio astronomer played by Jodie Foster rips off her earphones in astonishment after hearing four telltale beeps. Pure fiction, say scientists—and not only because of her hokey headset. When extraterrestrials finally make themselves known, they may not use radio at all. Instead, they're just as apt to signal us with beams of light. Says physicist Freeman Dyson of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J.: "It's foolish to try to guess what an extraterrestrial civilization might use. You ought to try all available technologies to detect it."

Increasingly that means looking as well as listening. For nearly four decades, SETI (search for extraterrestrial intelligence) scientists have scoured the skies with their big radio antennas without getting so much as a convincing peep, though there have been some tantalizing false alarms. Not only can suspect signals be elusively faint, they are also hard to separate from the universe's hodgepodge of natural noises. Given that, many scientists have begun wondering about entirely different kinds of extraterrestrial smoke signals, especially lasers. Says Harvard physicist Paul Horowitz, a veteran of many SETI radio searches: "Lasers are an interesting alternative."

Interesting enough for him to kick off his own α (for optical) SETI effort. Needing just three months and \$20,000, his team built a stereo-size detector designed to look over the shoulder of Harvard's 61-in. telescope as it conducts regular studies of starlight. While stars typically pulsate comparatively slowly, Horowitz's device is calibrated to spot intense stellar flare-ups lasting only a few billionths of a second. Such "events," he figures, would probably be powerful bursts of artificial light aimed at us from an inhabited planet orbiting that star. In short, an interstellar hello.

At least that's the theory. Since the apparatus went online last October, it has studied some 2,000 sunlike stars, but detected only a few anomalous flashes—probably from high-energy particles that regularly shower the earth. "We're still investigating," Horowitz says.

So too are a number of other teams in what is starting to look like OSETI mania. At Princeton, physicist David T. Wilkinson will soon begin surveying nearby stars with a detector similar to Horowitz's. At the University of California, Berkeley, extrasolar-planet hunter Geoff Marcy is re-examining his data for sharp spectral lines that might indicate a continuous beam of light intended as a low-power signal. Another Berkeley team, led by SETI veteran Dan Werthimer, is looking for short, powerful laser bursts in a series of automated observations of 2,500 nearby stars. Later he plans to turn to invisible infrared light and other galaxies.

Could aliens actually send a flash across our Milky Way galaxy? Without a doubt, says Nobel laureate Charles Townes, who first suggested lasers as a tool for interstellar communication nearly 40 years ago. Adds Werthimer: "They may have stuff out there we couldn't even dream of." O.K., E.T., never mind the phone call. Start blinking.

searching through scientific literature, the team at last decided to go semipublic.

At the meeting of the American Astronomical Society in Chicago this spring, they showed their prize spectrum to other scientists and asked for their opinion. No one had seen anything like it, and few would hazard a guess about what message it might convey. Stymied at every turn, Djorgovski is pinning his hopes on investigating the object's invisible infrared emissions, which have wavelengths slightly longer than the red light at one end of the visible spectrum. Within the next few weeks, astronomers at the Keck Observatory in Hawaii will train a telescope equipped with an experimental infrared spectrograph on the quarry. What it captures could be revealing. "Our hope," says Djorgovski, "is that by seeing the longer wavelengths on the spectrum, we might actually notice a pattern that is familiar."

That insight might merely confirm that the Caltech astronomers have found an oddball quasar. Or it could herald the discovery of an entirely new and remarkable celestial object.

Hole Red-Handed

Mid., announced that they had at last seen direct evidence of a black hole in action.

Until now, the best clues to the existence of a black hole were X-ray emissions from its accretion disk, the swirl of nearby matter that is steadily being pulled into the body. When the Goddard scientists looked at a suspected black hole in a galaxy 100 million light-years away, however, they saw X rays not being emitted but being absorbed—the signature of ionized iron gas being drawn directly into the maw of the hole. The sci-

tists knew the gas was on the move because its X rays were redshifted, stretched as their speed increased so that they moved toward the red end of the electromagnetic spectrum.

What impressed the research team was not just the fact that the gas was moving but how fast it was moving—6.5 million m.p.h., judging by the redshift. This is exactly the kind of searing speed a black hole ought to produce. While the Goddard scientists may not have the distinction of being the first to see a black hole itself, they are thus the first direct witnesses of its extraordinary power.

—By Jeffrey Kluger





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Kicking Out The Archbishop

How U.S. pressure led to the ouster of a prelate



THE ARCHBISHOP'S FALL had a bit of everything: a sex scandal, an Internet cabal and even a Stephanopoulos. Not to mention speed. Last week, three short years after the Greek Orthodox Patriarch in Istanbul installed Ohio-born Archbishop Spyridon, leader of 1.5 million American believers, Spyridon bitterly gave his resignation. It was as if the body religion had rejected a transplanted organ.

Spyridon first alarmed his flock in early 1997, when one of his appointees reassigned seminary staff members who had recommended expelling a priest involved in a homosexual-harassment complaint. Critics claim Spyridon wanted to hush the case up. They also said he was traditionalist and high-handed, espousing monastic beards and ceremonial hats for priests and castigating American touches like female choir participation. When more than 100 priests—including the Rev. Robert Stephanopoulos, a popular Manhattan cleric and George's father—signed a letter criticizing him, he handed Stephanopoulos a de facto demotion. A dissident campaign sprang up, organized via websites. Its message, says Dean Poppas, a leader, was, "This guy's gotta go." In January all five U.S. senior bishops publicly agreed, flying to Constantinople (as the Greek Church still calls Istanbul) to petition Patriarch Bartholomew I. He told them that Spyridon would be Archbishop "until he dies."

Last week Bartholomew apparently rethought. Spyridon's successor is Demetrios Trakatellis, 71, a Greek senior bishop with a Harvard degree. The reversal's immediate cause may have been fiscal: American congregations had begun withholding contributions to the church. But a larger issue looms. Spyridon's predecessor considered founding, with other Eastern believers, an American Orthodox Church—a step away from Constantinople's authority that some still find attractive. "The mother raises the daughter, but eventually the daughter leaves home," says Poppas. Bartholomew may have hoped his prickly prelate would forestall such talk. But in the end Spyridon may only have spurred dissent—and thus had to go himself.

—By David Van Biema

■ DIVIDING LINE ■

Jack E. White

A Real, Live Bigot

A former leftist earns a place on the wild-eyed right

LAST WEEK, JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING TO BE WORRIED THAT, IN MY OLD AGE, I was "Tomming out" because of my qualms about affirmative action, I ran across a column by a prominent right-wing ideologue named David Horowitz on Salon.com and felt young and militant again. It reminded me that blatant bigotry is alive and well, even on one of the Internet's otherwise most humane and sophisticated websites. So many racists, so little time!

Like all good propaganda, Horowitz's piece, titled "Guns don't kill black people, other blacks do," started plausibly, with a critique of the N.A.A.C.P.'s lawsuit against gun manufacturers. Why, he asked, should gun companies, instead of the killers, be held accountable for the appalling rate of black-on-black homicide? But that pointed query was merely a launching point for Horowitz's real message: a blanket assault on the alleged moral failures of African Americans so strident and accusatory that it made the antiblack rantings of Dinesh D'Souza seem like models of fair-minded social analysis.

The N.A.A.C.P. lawsuit, Horowitz contends, is part of an insidious campaign by black leaders to create a "politically inspired group psychosis [in which] we find it natural to collude with demagogic race hustlers in supporting a fantasy in which African Americans are no longer responsible for anything negative they do, even to themselves." Shaking down guilt-feeling whites, he says, has allowed "racial ambulance chasers" like Jesse Jackson and the N.A.A.C.P.'s Kweisi Mfume to live like millionaires. If blacks are really oppressed in America, he asks, "why isn't there a black exodus?"

Well, what does Horowitz want us to do, go back to Africa? Is he really unaware of concerted attempts by African-American civil rights leaders, clergymen, educators and elected officials to persuade young black men and women to take more responsibility for their actions? Just two weeks ago, at the National Urban League convention in Houston, I heard Jesse Jackson preach a passionate sermon on that theme. In fact, he and other black leaders have been dwelling on such issues for years.

Horowitz's slander wouldn't matter much if he spoke only for himself. But for the past three decades, Horowitz, 60, has been a conduit through which extreme political ideas gain access to the mainstream. During a previous incarnation as a leftist radical in the '70s, he was the editor who put a picture of a burning bank building on the cover of *Ramparts* magazine with the line, "The students who burned the Bank of America may have done more toward saving the environment than all the teach-ins put together." And the guy who continued to raise thousands of dollars for the Black Panther Party for years after everybody else had figured out that its leader Huey P. Newton was no revolutionary but a dangerous thug. During the 1980s Horowitz began to embrace the Ridiculous Right as passionately as he had once clung to the Lunatic Left. He founded the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, based in Los Angeles, whose purpose is to make inroads for conservatism in notoriously liberal Hollywood. Last week Horowitz told me that he had earned the right to talk down to blacks "because of all I did in the '60s." I think we'd all be better off if he'd just shut up. ■



LENIN BE GONE Horowitz's beat is now conservative

TAKING CARE of OUR AGING PARENTS

For millions of us, it can be a heartbreaking rite of passage: realizing that Mom and Dad can't cope. For one daughter, it was a voyage of discovery

By CATHY BOOTH LOS ANGELES

MY DAD AND I ARE SITTING IN A BOOTH AT EL TORITO. I am nursing a margarita, Dad's got a bottle of beer, and the Mexican food will arrive soon. This has become a ritual for us, eating out three times a week, since we sold Dad's house in Texas and moved him to California a year ago at age 83. "Kick 'em!" he says, and we clink our glasses and connect—more than we ever connected before. Since Mom died more than two years ago, we hug and kiss—things we never did when I was growing up and he was a workaholic architect out to change the world.

"So what happened to that guy in our family who works for TIME?" he asks, smacking his lips in pleasure after another swig. My dad has been having trouble keeping relationships straight for a few months now. At his worst point, after a fall last September, he thought I was his moth-

er. When I'd kid him about the mistake, he'd laugh hard, turn really red and run a hand over his balding head, his lifelong gesture of consternation. But even then, when I was his "mother," he still managed in some convoluted way to hold on to one thing: he was proud of his daughter at

TIME, who had interviewed Fidel Castro and traveled with the Pope.

Now suddenly I don't exist.

"Dad, that's me, your daughter, Cathy, who works at TIME. I'm here. It's me. There is no guy in our family. I'm your only child. Remember?"

Surely, I think, I can reason him out of this. But he looks angry and tells me I'm wrong and relates—in great detail—a late-night meal of takeout chicken we once consumed at my desk when I was working late. "Yeah, Dad, that was me," I tell him. His blue eyes—destroyed years ago by glaucoma and cataracts—stare forlornly back at me. "Well, that's what you keep telling me," he says. He looks sad, confused. He starts making a thin whistling sound, a sign I recognize as his signal of distress.

All around us there's the revelry of sports fans watching a game on TV. I register the girl at the next table sitting on her boyfriend's lap, the guys screaming at the TV screen, the happy faces all around, and I feel utterly alone. *I am alone.* My dad is



gone. He's here, but he's not. I want to cry, but instead I sit there with my margarita, my face contorted, holding it all in, my soul ripped in a thousand places.

I'M HARDLY THE ONLY ONE GOING THROUGH this experience. It has become the baby boom generation's latest, and in some ways most agonizing, life crisis: what to do when the parents who once took care of you can no longer take care of themselves. The age wave is mounting: 33 million Americans, an unprecedented 13% of the population, are over 65. Their ranks will more than double by 2030. The number of Americans 85 and older has nearly tripled since 1960, to 4 million, and will more than double that over the next 30 years. Along with that explosion has come a growing, and often confusing, array of living and caring options. (See *following story*.)

The moment when we must take charge of Mom's and Dad's lives is a wrenching rite of passage for baby boomers, who in many ways are still struggling to grow up. "As a generation, we haven't seen much death, and we haven't experienced a great deal of hardship ourselves," says psychologist Mary Pipher, author of the best-selling book *Reviving Ophelia* and the recently published *Another Country: Navigating the Emotional Terrain of Our Elders* (Riverhead Books, \$24.95). "We weren't in a Depression. We weren't in World War II. For many baby boomers, this is the first really rough patch in their lives."

It can be rougher for those who are facing the dual pressures of the "sandwich generation": trying to raise young children and take care of aging parents at the same time. That's a problem I don't have to face. Yet with no brothers or sisters to help make the decisions and share the load, I'm facing the whole ordeal alone. Friends console me with tales of sibling squabbles over finances and accusations of who's not spending enough time with Mom and Dad. Others I know are trying to make up for years of seeing their parents only a couple of times a year, over Christmas turkey or at summer picnics. No matter; we all end up feeling guilty.

Things are better, in some ways, than they used to be. For the most part, our parents have put away more money than their parents did. Many can afford to live in retirement communities or pay for full-time nursing care. But throwing money at the problem (better hospitals, better doctors, anything to avoid facing the alternative)

isn't the solution. Nor is micromanaging our parents' lives—buying the groceries, doing the laundry, anything rather than actually sitting down and talking. Eventually we have to face the fact that the parents who nurtured us are now the ones who need nurturing. And unlike child rearing, there are no Dr. Spocks out there with time-tested advice. It's a personal journey for which there are few reliable road maps and precious little reassurance.

MY OWN DESCENT INTO ELDER-CARE HELL began in 1995, when my mother, then 69, was found to have Lou Gehrig's disease. It robbed her first of her speech (and boy, how she had loved to talk!), then of move-

the doctor wanted her in a hospital. She wanted to die at home. Dad wouldn't, couldn't pay for round-the-clock nurses. Part-time aides came and went, unable to take the hours and the unrelenting attention Mom needed. After she had a tracheotomy and required a tube down her throat, I had to learn how to apply suction to the tube when she felt the saliva backing up—a procedure most of the aides were either unable or unwilling to do.

She died almost exactly a year later, on Labor Day weekend, 1996. During that year, I loathed my dad at times, and I'm sure he felt the same way about me. As some men do, he just withered away after she died. He wouldn't let anyone into the



FATHER'S DAY The author escorts Dad back to his home in a residential facility for the elderly

ment of her limbs. My mom and I had lots of issues never resolved since my teenage years. But rather than get therapy, I decided to spend more time with her, taking months off from work to listen to old records, watch *Masterpiece Theatre* videotapes and look at family pictures with her. I found old notes from her years as a decorator, and I found love letters. I got to know her friends at Ursuline Academy in Dallas, where she had had a second career teaching history. I learned things I'd never known: that she had paid for my Catholic-school education by herself; that she was adored by her students; and that the attitudes I had so rebelled against came from a Southern upbringing that required her to be a "lady"—always.

As my relationship with Mom improved, my dad and I had knock-down-and-drag-outs over her treatment. He and

house to clean except me. He ran off anyone who tried to help, then complained about loneliness. He picked up women on the bus, talked about getting remarried (always to someone in her 30s or 40s, I noticed), confided details of his marital life that I really didn't want to know. It was as if his internal censor had gone to sleep. And he began to lose his mind. He was convinced that city workmen were partying at night in his bathroom, that preachers were stepping out of the TV to say prayers with him in person, that a child had fallen behind the bed and was crying.

The doctor was adamant: Dad couldn't live alone anymore.

Pipher says that moves cannot be avoided, that being near family is what's important for the elderly when they live alone in a distant city. But I still wonder whether my dad's move wasn't the worst

thing I could have done to him. I ripped him away from his foundations: from the pub he went to three times a week, the bus route he knew even blind, the house he could navigate in the dark, the newspaper that chronicled men he knew in the jaycees, the people he had built houses and warehouses for.

He came to California and stayed with me for a while. Then we began to search for assisted-living places where he could have an apartment—with communal meals and activities, but where he could still come and go on his own. The most helpful guide was *New Lifestyles*, a glossy pamphlet published in many cities that explains the levels of care at each facility in town, from assisted living to hospices and dementia care. Social-service agencies, churches, hospitals and rehabilitation centers have similar listings. Friends recommended other places.

Dad and I visited all of them together. I was cheered by the activity in some; at others the rows of zombie-like elderly folk in wheelchairs lined up at the front door depressed me. There is no formula for choosing one. You have to inspect them thoroughly, check into state-agency reports—and ask, ask, ask questions. What's the ratio between staff and residents? Is there a doctor? What's the food like? (Eat there!) What kind of entertainment is available? (Go sample it!) What happens if my parent develops dementia? Will he be kicked out or moved to another, escalated level of care?

My dad chose a nice assisted-care facility with a spacious one-room apartment overlooking a courtyard in the Los Angeles suburb of Tarzana. But after just a month there, Round Two of elder-care hell began. While taking a walk around the block, he fell. I was out of town on assignment. By the time I got back to the city, 12 hours later, the local emergency-room doctors had doped him to keep him calm. He had gone crazy, they said, when they strapped him to the hospital bed. (I'd fight too!) He'd had three beers, they said, and was uncontrollable—a man who weighed only 130 lbs. In just three days my father went from being self-sufficient to an invalid. His injuries? A two-stitch cut on his head.

I took him home and detoxed him. Getting him in and out of the tub alone was a nightmare. He got up for the bathroom every hour all night long for two nights. By Day Three I was a sobbing mess. I hired a 24-hour "helper" to get him back on his feet and let me return to work. My dad was atrophying, physically and mentally, before my eyes. I put him in a rehabilitation facility. They did their best but were short staffed. His doctors wanted to put him on the harshest psychotropic drugs available.

When several nurses warned me against the drugs, I fought for and got a milder drug regimen. But again, fearful that he'd get up and break a hip, they strapped him to his bed. He began to wither away, uninterested for the first time in food, because he was no longer allowed salt. He couldn't see to ring the bell for the toilet, so he would sometimes lie for hours in wet diapers or sheets until I or his 74-year-old sister would arrive for a visit. Half the time he didn't recognize me.

When Medicare and his supplemental insurance coverage ran out after a month, I was desperate. He clearly couldn't go back to his apartment. Luckily I didn't have to embark on a long search: the social-services lady at the rehab center recommended a nearby facility, actually two houses with six residents each, built around a garden, with a locked gate and round-the-clock nursing aides. It's what California calls a "residence for the elderly," far cozier than most of the corporate- or church-run rest homes and assisted-living facilities I had seen. The food is home cooked; there's a Friday-night Jewish service my Catholic dad loves; and no one straps him to the bed. But it's expensive: nearly \$3,500 a month for room, board, doctors and medicine. How many people on a retiree's income can afford that?

Physically he's doing great, but he's dying bit by bit mentally. Now 84, he thinks he's been fired from his job; sometimes he's so lonely he imagines Mom is still alive. Over and over, he makes lists of family and friends so he'll remember them; each time the list is shorter as he forgets more names. He thinks that he's been abandoned in a house of strangers, that he sleeps in a vault, that everyone in the world now wears diapers. I'd laugh if it weren't so awful. Even with two aides on duty during the day and one at night—an astoundingly good ratio for a home with six residents—they can't watch him every minute. It took the new doctors forever, in my view, to diagnose an underactive thyroid, which caused some of his confusion. He is in what doctors tell me is the early stages of Alzheimer's. Yet both his father and his aunt lived to 96. Will he have another 12 years of living in this netherworld?

In my world, I see lots of old men in worse condition, half crazy, living on the streets, abandoned by their families. I don't loathe my dad anymore. I cry a lot. Sitting down to a margarita and a beer (nonalcoholic these days) at El Torito with him again recently, I felt forlorn and, oddly enough, lucky too. Lucky to have discovered late in life how to love all over again. I only wish he could understand the wonderful gift he's given me.

EASING THE TRAUMA: WHAT YOU CAN DO

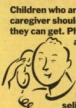
The crisis might start with a fall that cracks a parent's fragile hip, or with the mental confusion that signals the fading of a loved one's faculties. But however the debilities of age arrive, they mark a turning point both for seniors who can no longer live alone and for busy children who must suddenly take charge of their parents' housing and medical needs. Here are some tips for navigating this difficult rite of passage:

✓ DON'T WAIT



The first step in coping with an aging parent is to be prepared when infirmity strikes. This means exploring options like assisted-living communities before they are needed, so that both children and parents know what to expect.

✓ SEEK SUPPORT



Children who are thrust into the role of caregiver should seek out all the help they can get. Physicians trained in geriatric medicine can spot conditions and recommend treatments that other doctors might miss. Social workers skilled in geriatric counseling can assess a senior's needs and develop action plans. Such people may be especially helpful in those painful cases when children must take needed steps in spite of the objections of mentally declining parents.

✓ SHOP AROUND



Most providers of senior housing are businesses, not charities, and their products should be scrutinized for cost and quality. Families should visit as many facilities as they can and return to view them on different days of the week and hours of the day. Pay attention to your gut feelings about a place—and be sure to consult your parent before any decision is made.

✓ TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF



The stress of looking after a parent can swiftly take a toll on you. Discuss your feelings frankly with family, friends or therapists. "Be realistic, and have a sense of humor," advises Bette Ann Moskowitz, author of *Do I Know You? Living Through the End of a Parent's Life*. "You couldn't live through something like this without one."

ELDER CARE: MAKING THE RIGHT CHOICE

Nursing homes used to be the only stop for seniors who need help. Now there are options

By JOHN GREENWALD

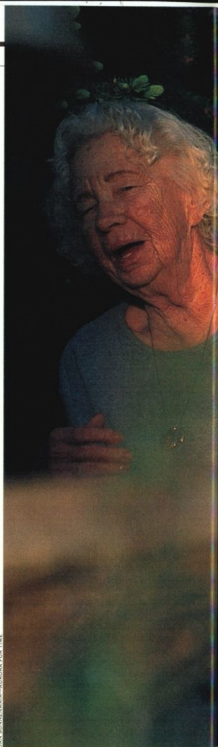
MARJORIE BRYAN'S HUSBAND died 14 years ago. That was when she lived in Mississippi, and for some time afterward she went on living on her own. Now she's 82. A few years ago, she started having trouble with her balance and taking falls. Bryan has a grown son in Georgia, but moving in with him didn't seem like the answer. It's one thing to have a roof over your head. It's another to have a life. "I didn't want to live with my children," she says. "I think it would bore me to death. I don't drive anymore. If I'd stayed there, I'd be sort of a prisoner during the day."

So Bryan went looking at the alternatives. It turned out there were more than she had imagined. A couple of decades ago, seniors like her who were basically healthy but needed some assistance had limited choices. Among them, they could move in with their grown children, if they had any and were willing to risk the squabbling and sulking. Or they could be bundled off to a nursing home that was like a hospital, only less inviting. All that began to change in the early 1980s with the growth of a new range of living arrangements for older people who want to live as people, not patients, without the physical confinement and spiritual dead air of many nursing homes.

Eventually Bryan came upon the Gar-

dens of Towne Lake in Woodstock, Ga., a landscaped complex where about two dozen seniors live in their own apartments and have round-the-clock staff members to help with daily tasks such as dressing and bathing. There are regular social events. There's a beauty shop. "I love living here," she says. "I got out that first day to learn names."

The late 20th century has done for the retirement years what it did for TV channels and fancy coffee. It multiplied the choices but also the consumer bewilderment. For seniors who want to stay in their homes as long as they can, there is home care for the masses—agencies everywhere that provide nurses and aides who either come by your place on a regular basis or live in. Traditional nursing homes are still widely used, though they are evolving away from long-term care and toward rehabilitative facilities, for short-term stays following hospitalization. The most popular new options are assisted-living facilities. There are an estimated 20,000 to 30,000 such places in the U.S., according to industry figures. Assisted-living complexes are home to one-fourth of the 2.2 million Americans who live in housing for seniors, according to the American Seniors Housing Association. Some are free-standing facilities. Some are part of continuing-care retirement communities, which offer increasing levels of help and medical supervision as residents move through the years.



**AGING IN
AMERICA**

The number of American seniors is growing. They're independent now, but it won't last forever

76

Currently the average life expectancy for Americans



43

Percentage of today's seniors who will use a nursing home in their lifetime

25

Percentage of elderly housing residents in assisted-living facilities now

Millions of Americans age 65 and older

12.76% of population



Source: Census Bureau

20.1% of population

1999 living arrangements for Americans age 65 and older

With other relatives 12.8%
With nonrelatives 2.2%



"The assisted-living movement has really changed the way people age," says Karen Wayne, president of the Assisted Living Federation of America (ALFA), an industry trade group. "We've proved that people don't want to be in institutional settings." The facility provides each resident with a room or suite; meals, usually in a common dining room; and round-the-clock staff members who help with the no-big-deal chores of the day that can still defeat the mostly capable elderly—bathing, dressing, taking medication. Assisted living gives the elderly some measure of independence, a chance to socialize and needed privacy. Privacy for all sorts of things—sex has hardly disappeared from these seniors' lives. A survey released this month by the American Association of Retired Persons revealed that a quarter of those 75 or older say they have sex at least once a week.

The widening flood of Americans into later life—Tina Turner turns 60 this year!—guarantees that elder care will be a 21st century growth industry. The market, which was \$86 billion in 1996, is expected to reach \$490 billion by 2030. That poten-

tial is attracting such big developers as the Hyatt Corp. and Marriott International hotel operators. The 3,300 units of senior housing that Hyatt operates in 16 communities around the country are worth an estimated \$500 million.

The old people that assisted living caters to are usually able to get out of bed

and walk around. But their average age, estimated by ALFA, is 83, so they can also be frail. Almost half have Alzheimer's or some degree of cognitive impairment. (Alzheimer's patients tend to have their own, more closely supervised areas.) John Knox Village, in Pompano Beach, Fla., is a not-for-profit continuing-care operation on a

THE OPTIONS

WHAT IS IT?

WHOM IS IT FOR?

WHAT DOES IT COST?

WHAT DOES IT OFFER?

HOME CARE

■ Services ranging from shopping and transportation to physical therapy brought to the home

■ Seniors who are able to continue living at home but need some help

■ Some services are free; a home health-care visit can be \$80

■ Independence at home, but can be costly depending on level of care needed

CONGREGATE HOUSING

■ A private home within a residential compound, providing shared activities and services

■ Seniors in good health who want both independence and companionship

■ Often \$1,200 to \$2,000 a month, yet can cost much more

■ The advantages of home, plus services like 24-hr. security and laundry

ASSISTED LIVING

■ Residential units offering private rooms, meals, 24-hr supervision and other assistance

■ Seniors who may need help with bathing, dressing, medication, etc.

■ Averages \$2,000 month, but can be far more for high needs

■ A greater level of care while maintaining some independence

HOMES AWAY FROM HOME: THE WORLD OF ASSISTED LIVING

The most popular new choice for seniors, these facilities offer the privacy of home plus the joy of community



GETTING EMOTIONAL AND GETTING PHYSICAL. Personal relationships with loved ones are important in keeping healthy, but so is serious exercise like this swimming-pool stretching

CONTINUING-CARE FACILITIES

■ A variety of housing options and a continuum of services all in one location

■ Seniors who want to provide for health needs as they age without having to relocate

■ \$1,500 to \$5,000 a month. Most require an entry fee

■ Guaranteed care as a resident ages—at a relatively high price

NURSING HOMES

■ Residential medical care for the aged who need continual attention

■ Seniors with deteriorating mental or physical abilities or great difficulty with daily activities

■ Average close to \$50,000 a year

■ About the only option for those who need constant care

landscaped campus with meandering walks and duck ponds. In an arrangement typical of such places, the elderly buy a residence—studio apartments are \$48,500; two-bedroom "villas" are \$142,500—and a continuing-care contract that sets a monthly maintenance fee covering all services. While they may begin life there in a mostly

independent mode, taking an apartment with meals, they can later move to assisted-care rooms or even the on-campus nursing home for about the same monthly maintenance fee, usually a fraction of what a regular nursing home demands.

Carl Kielmann, 73, is a retired banker and the second generation of his family to live at John Knox in the Health Center. He and his wife Lillian moved there in 1985, joining his mother, who was also a resident. His mother's contract with Knox allowed her to spend her last six years in the village medical center without eating up her savings. "In a lot of ways," says Kielmann, "this type of place is your ultimate insurance policy."

Other assisted-care facilities can be a single building. Sunrise Assisted Living in Glen Cove, N.Y., is a 57,000-sq.-ft. soft yellow mansion with white gingerbread trimmings. The 83 seniors who live there each pay between \$2,850 and \$4,800 a month. On a recent day the buttery smell of fresh popcorn wafted through the vestibule. On the door of its suites, framed "memory boxes" display mementos of the lives of the people who live behind those doors—family

photos, military dog tags and other souvenirs of long lives. In the special section for residents with Alzheimer's, one area is stocked with old tool kits, wedding gowns and a crib with several dolls, haunting but therapeutic props meant to engage the minds of people who have returned in fantasy to younger days when they worked and raised families. "We want to create pleasant days for these folks," says Jennifer Rehm, who runs the busy activity room. "This is not usually a neat place by the end of the day."

Keeping the elderly connected to the larger world is a big part of the idea behind assisted living. At the Munné Center in Miami, where family gatherings are featured, residents look forward to seeing their neighbors' grandchildren as eagerly as they do their own. Cecilia Struzzi, 95, recently moved into Munné after living with her daughter. "I was getting feeble, and she wanted her freedom," Struzzi says with a sigh. "Here I get all the attention I need." Miami developer Raul Munné, who built the place, is a Cuban immigrant. "Where I grew up," he jokes, "the elderly sat on the porch and fought with the neighborhood kids. It gave them

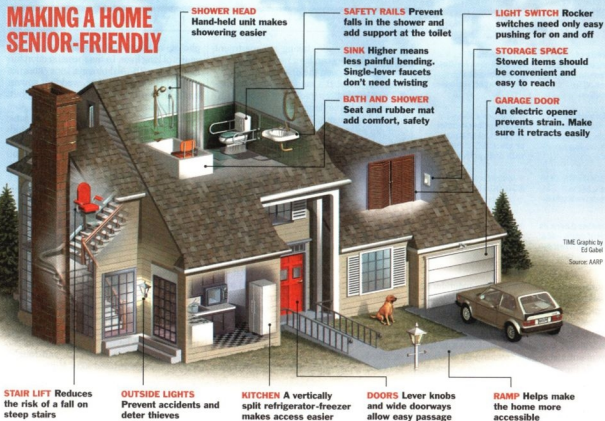


KEEP AT IT Elders busy themselves as they did at home, chatting and cooking, but help is as close as an emergency pendant



LITTLE TRICKS A woman with Alzheimer's has mementos to provide a window to the past, and a man keeps his hand in gardening

MAKING A HOME SENIOR-FRIENDLY



TIME Graphics by
Ed Gabel
Source: AARP

incentive to get out of bed in the morning." But in the U.S., he says, "old folks are told, 'Don't open your door and go out at night. You might get mugged.' So, many of them have no one to talk to all day. They can only sit and watch television."

Later life lived this way doesn't come cheap. The Del Webb company, which made its name building luxury spas and retirement communities in the Sun Belt, last year opened a Sun City retirement community in Huntley, near frost-belted Chicago, an acknowledgment that seniors increasingly prefer to locate near long-time friends and family and not move to far-off sunny climes. Prices range from \$130,000 for a single-level fourplex to \$750,000 for customized estate homes that include home theaters, Jacuzzis and wine cellars, where an eminent Bordeaux can age along with its owners.

The typical assisted-living unit rents for about \$2,000 a month, meals and basic services included. And prices can go much higher. Furthermore, assisted-living communities are not medical facilities, so their costs are not covered by Medicare or Medicaid, though 32 states do permit the limited use of Medicaid funds for assisted living. No wonder, then, that the average assisted-care resident has an income of

\$26,000 annually, while the typical retiree has \$20,700.

The boomtown growth of the assisted-living industry has left it a bit rough around the edges. While nursing homes are federally regulated, assisted-living communities are overseen by the states and thus subject to widely varying standards. A federal study in four states (California, Florida, Ohio and Oregon) found "unclear or potentially misleading" language in sales brochures for about one-third of the 60 assisted-living homes surveyed. The most common problem was a failure to disclose the circum-

stances under which a resident can be expelled. One Florida home promised that seniors would not have to move if their health deteriorated, but the fine-print contract said physical or mental decline could be grounds for discharge.

Congress has begun poking into the problem, partly by way of its work to update the 1965 Older Americans Act, which provides penalties for scams on the elderly. "New services that meet the needs of our growing senior population are necessary and exciting," says Louisiana Senator John Breaux, ranking Democrat on the Senate Special Committee on Aging. "But the facilities are market driven and are susceptible to a bottom-line mentality that can lead to consumer fraud and abuse."

Of course, they are. Late-century American life is a social experiment in which we hope that market institutions can be fashioned to meet the most personal requirements. And sometimes they can be. New living arrangements for the elderly are still evolving. If that evolution isn't finished in time for all our parents to take advantage of, for many of us there will be a second chance—when it's our turn. —Reported by

Alexa M. Pascual/New York, Greg Aunapu/Miami, Leslie Everett Brice/Atlanta, Anne Moffett/Washington and Kermit Pattison/St. Paul

USEFUL WEBSITES

www.senioralternatives.com ■
A virtual tour of selected retirement communities around the country

www.elderweb.com ■
Lots of links to specific subjects, including a useful housing guide

www.aarp.org ■
Includes detailed tips on modifying a home to accommodate seniors

www.ec-online.net ■
Comprehensive information about Alzheimer's disease

"Mud baths stimulate the central nervous system,
increasing muscular excitability."

- Journal of the American Medical Association



"The muscular V6 gives the Grand Vitara
undeniable appeal."

- Road & Track

This powerful testament to advanced automotive technology knows how to have a good time. The V6 Grand Vitara promises the non-stop excitement of shift-on-the-fly 4-wheel drive, a sophisticated 2-speed transfer case, and a tough, steel ladder box frame. It's a positively invigorating way to flex your muscles.

The V6 Grand Vitara from Suzuki.



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The Deadliest

In a gripping new book, Erik Larson recounts the fury and folly around the turn-of-the century hurricane that destroyed Galveston



IT HAS BEEN AWFULLY QUIET IN THE DEEP salt—until now. Hurricane season officially started on June 1, but till last week, the Atlantic produced only one tropical storm—a humble one named Arlene. Last weekend, however, the hurricane named Bret appeared on the Gulf of Mexico, and the tropical storm called Cindy gained intensity in the eastern Atlantic, off the Cape Verde Islands, where many storms are seeded. The dangerous Cape Verde season is now under way, and from here on the odds of hurricanes forming will increase daily until Sept. 9, historically the day of greatest hurricane activity. As in past years, most of us will watch the approach of these storms snug in the belief that satellites, reconnaissance aircraft and computers have so defanged hurricanes that none can ever again cause large-scale death.

Ninety-nine years ago, a weatherman named Isaac Monroe Cline, the chief meteorologist in Galveston, Texas, espoused a similar view regarding the threat hurricanes posed to Galveston, which in his day was a lovely, gleaming city that seemed destined to become the New York of the Gulf. Cline, the lead character in *Isaac's Storm*, a new book by TIME contributor Erik Larson, embodied the hubris of the past turning of the century. A pioneering

weatherman, he thought he knew all there was to know about the behavior of storms. In an article in the *Galveston News*, he told readers no hurricane could ever seriously harm the city. To believe otherwise, he wrote, was to entertain "an absurd delusion." Early on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 8, 1900, Cline had a change of heart. He stood on the Galveston beach timing the arrival of deep-ocean swells larger than anything he had seen before. He did not fully understand their meaning, just that something extraordinary seemed about to occur. He was correct.

Before the next dawn, a monumental hurricane would kill 8,000 people in Galveston alone, and become the nation's deadliest natural disaster, its death toll far greater than the combined tolls of the Johnstown flood and the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Yet, incredibly, the storm would fall from national recollection and take up residence mainly in the nightmares of hurricane experts, many of whom believe that someday, maybe next month, maybe next year, an intense hurricane will again kill on a grand scale. The Galveston hurricane, the experts agree, is a storm to remember.

IT BEGAN AS A PLATTE OF TORTURED AIR SLIPPING FROM WEST AFRICA. Scores of such "easterly waves" exit the continent every summer. Most fail to intensify, but a few become carousels of "deep convection," huge thunderstorms, rotating counterclockwise over the sea.



Storm

For the first week of its existence, the hurricane was barely a tropical storm. A few ship captains spotted it as it moved along a shallow arc just below the Tropic of Cancer, but none saw it as terribly ominous. In the absence of radio or wireless telegraphy, captains knew only the weather in their immediate vicinity. None could know that just a few hundred miles away, the wind was blowing in exactly the opposite direction, a juxtaposition that any captain today would recognize as the early dance of a tropical cyclone.

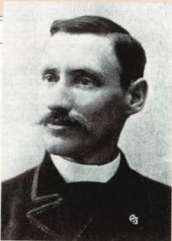
The seas were hot. The land was hot. Throughout much of the U.S., temperatures had risen into the 90s and often broke 100. Heat suffused a vast swath of country from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, territory that in that time encompassed most of America's population. There was no air conditioning. Everyone suffered. Suits were black wool. Carriages had black canvas tops, black-enameled bodies. Trains were ovens. Passengers roasted. In New York City, three children died when they fell from fire escapes where they had hoped to find a breeze. A strange migration of crickets overwhelmed Waco, Texas, and halted its trolleys. Lightning struck more people than ever before. So far that year there had been no hurricanes to cool the surface by roiling the seas and raising cold water from below. The steaming Gulf was like a pool of gasoline waiting for a meteorological match.

In Washington officials of the U.S. Weather Bureau suffered too, as they continued their struggle to build credibility and

overcome past errors and scandals. The bureau was just emerging from 20 years of trouble and ridicule. It had miscalled two deadly blizzards. Its chief financial manager had embezzled a fortune. Its weather observers had been implicated in sex scandals, grave robbing and other sordid matters. To prevent further embarrassment, the bureau had banned the word *tornado*, for fear that if used in forecasts, it would cause too much panic. In the belief that centralized control of forecasts reduced the risk of error, the bureau insisted that all storm warnings come only from headquarters. Any observer who broke that rule risked his career.

To help predict hurricanes, the bureau had strung a necklace of weather stations throughout the Caribbean, but the network's imperious officers seemed more intent on alienating the people of Cuba and the West Indies than in watching for signs of danger. They treated Cuban weathermen as if they were aboriginal witch doctors, even though Cuban scientists had pioneered the art of hurricane prediction and were revered by the citizenry. Deep down, the U.S. observers feared the Cubans and their skill, and in the summer of 1900 engineered a ban within Cuba of any telegram that so much as mentioned the weather, unless it came from the bureau—this during hurricane season, when all of Cuba looked to its homegrown weathermen for advice and comfort. The ban occurred as the tropical storm spun toward Cuba.

It dumped biblical amounts of rain on Cuba but brought only moderate winds. The U.S. observers, technocrats of a brilliant



ISAAC CLINE Did he do enough to warn the city of disaster?

THE ROSENBERG LIBRARY, GALVESTON, TEXAS



THE AFTERMATH
A 20-ft.-tall surge swept a wall of debris and bodies across the city

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD

new age, saw nothing to be concerned about. The Cubans, however, were suspicious. Poets of the air, they watched the sky as the storm left the island and saw in its red lights and wispy clouds the spore of disaster. Father Lorenzo Gangoite, a leading Cuban meteorologist, called these atmospheric "clear indications that the storm had much more intensity and was better defined than when it crossed this island."

Tweaking the U.S. observers, he wrote, "Who is right?"

SOON AFTER LEAVING CUBA, THE STORM UNDERWENT AN EXPLOSIVE intensification: one moment a nondescript tropical storm, the next, a hurricane of an intensity no American alive had ever experienced. Sea captains were the first to experience its new incarnation. On the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 5, the steamer *Louisiana* left New Orleans under bright skies. By the next afternoon, its captain was fighting winds of 150 m.p.h. Horizontal rain clattered against the bridge with the sound of bullets against armor. Wherever the wind gained entry, it spoke, moaning among the cabins and corridors like Marley's ghost. The hull flexed. Beams twisted. The captain watched his barometer fall to levels he had never seen. The master of another ship, the *Pensacola*, summoned a passenger to his barometer. "Look at that glass," he said. "Twenty-eight point fifty-five. I have never seen it that low. You never have, and will in all probability never see it again." It continued to fall.

In 1900 the Weather Bureau enciphered its observations before transmitting them over telegraph lines. It had a code word for winds of 150 m.p.h.—"Extreme"—but no one in the bureau seriously expected to use it. The bureau's forecasters, prisoners of the expected, believed tropical cyclones always curved toward the northeast to end up in the Atlantic off the eastern seaboard. The official forecast for Galveston for Saturday, Sept. 8, 1900, called for rain followed by clearing.

DEATH IN THE WATER

THE SKY SEEMED TO BE MADE OF MOTHER OF PEARL," a visitor to Galveston said of that Saturday morning, "gloriously pink, yet containing a fish-scale effect which reflected all the colors of the rainbow. Never had I seen such a beautiful sky." But the great swells that morning made Isaac Cline uneasy. Ordinarily the Gulf was as placid as a lake, a quality that had seduced engineers into building great Victorian bathhouses on stilts well into the sea. A streetcar trestle snaked over the surf. Many years later Cline would write, "If we had known then what we know now of these swells, and the tides they create, we would have known earlier the terrors of the storm which these swells told us in unerring language was coming."

The hurricane had a forward speed of about 10 m.p.h., but its powerful winds were producing waves that moved at 50 m.p.h. and reached the Texas coast long before the storm itself. They rose within the storm as jagged ship killers, but once beyond the storm's circle of influence, they settled into long, slow undulations of the kind that startled Columbus on his very first voyage to the Indies. Although they lost their jagged shape, they retained the

energy originally transferred to them by the wind. As they met the gradual slope of the Texas coast, their leading edges slowed and the trailing water piled up, creating waves of incredible heights.

Upon leaving the beach, Cline drove his sulky to his office at the center of town. He checked the station's instruments and found only a slight decline in barometric pressure. "Only one-tenth of an inch lower," he wrote. The bureau's Central Office had at last sent orders to hoist a storm flag, but this telegram gave no cause for alarm. Such warnings in August were routine. There was nothing routine about the sea, however, or the ominous feel of the morning. Isaac drove his sulky back to the beach and again timed the swells. They were heavier now and pushed seawater well into the neighborhoods nearest the beach. He returned to his office and composed a telegram to Willis Moore, chief of the bureau in Washington. He ended the telegram: "Such high water with opposing winds never observed previously."

According to popular legend and his own memoirs, he raced to the beach and warned thousands to flee. There is evidence, however, that his response may have been more ambivalent. Saturday morning, for example, a sea captain, George B. Hix, stopped by the weather station to ask about the strange weather, and was told by one of Cline's colleagues "there was no cause for uneasiness." The storm was only a harmless "offspur" of a storm that had struck Florida a few days earlier. "Well, young man," Hix snorted, "it's going to be the damndest offspur you ever saw."

The rest of the city did not share the captain's anxiety. Adults and children alike greeted the storm with delight and converged on the beach, some in bathing suits. The surf rocketing off the streetcar trestle was easily as good as a fireworks display. A great crowd gathered at the Midway, a 10-block stretch along the beach with cheap restaurants and souvenir stores. The sea began to climb into the city. "As we watched from the porch," one woman wrote, recalling her childhood experience, "we were amazed and delighted to see the water from the Gulf flowing down the street. 'Good,' we thought, 'there would be no need to walk the few blocks to play at the beach; it was right at our front gate.'" It was a wonderful spectacle, until the waves began tearing apart the bathhouses and the shops of the Midway. Suddenly, one mother recalled, "it wasn't fun anymore." A visiting businessman who had taken shelter in a train station wrote that he first realized the true extent of the disaster "when the body of a child floated into the station."

TELEGRAPH LINES FELL. THE CITY'S TELEPHONES WENT DEAD. With all communications with the mainland cut off, Isaac went home. He walked to his house, a big frame structure on stilts five blocks from the beach. Despite his anxiety, he planned to ride out the storm at home with his pregnant wife Cora and his three young daughters. He believed the house capable of withstanding any storm the Gulf could deliver. Others apparently felt likewise, for when he arrived, he found 50 storm refugees had taken shelter inside. His brother Joseph soon arrived. He lived in the house and worked for Isaac as an assistant observer. Over the years a rivalry had developed between them. Now Joseph urged everyone to evacuate and head for the center of the city. Isaac, ever confident, insisted his house was the safest place—far safer, certainly, than venturing out into the accelerating winds.

Throughout that Saturday morning, a north wind blowing along the storm's left flank had raised a storm surge along the 30-mile ellipse of Galveston Bay. The surge slowly overflowed the wharf along the north end of the city and began filling the streets

of the business district with water. The same north wind, however, held another and far more dangerous surge out at sea. That afternoon, however, the wind shifted, as it must in a tropical cyclone. The Gulf sprang forward as if propelled by an uncoiling spring. A dome of water at least 20 ft. high surged ashore under rapidly escalating winds. The waters of the sea and the bay met over the city and turned rooftops into islands.

No one knows what velocity the wind reached. The bureau's anemometer blew away at 100 m.p.h. The wind neatly sliced off the top floor of a bank, leaving the rest of the building intact. It stripped slate shingles from houses and turned them into scimitars that disemboweled men where they stood. Atmospheric pressure fell so low, a visiting British cotton official was sucked from his apartment trailing a slipstream of screams from his wife. The storm surge drowned an entire train and demolished an orphanage, killing 90 children. Together, the wind and sea destroyed brand-new artillery emplacements built to withstand bombardment, and scoured whole neighborhoods from the face of the earth.

THE FIRE OF MOURNING

AT 6:30 P.M., ISAAC CLINE, EVER THE OBSERVER, walked to the front door of his house to take a look outside. He opened the door upon a fantastic landscape. Where once there had been streets, there was open sea. He did not see any waves, however, for behind his house the storm surge had erected an escarpment of wreckage three stories tall and several miles long that acted as a kind of seawall. It contained carriages, furniture, the streetcar trestle and rooftops that floated like the hulls of dismantled ships. It also carried corpses, hundreds of them, perhaps thousands. The wind and sea now pushed this wall toward Isaac's house. If not for the thundering wind, Isaac would have heard it coming as a horrendous blend of screams and exploding wood.

But something else caught his attention, as it did the attention of nearly every other soul in Galveston. Suddenly, as he stood at his front door, the surface of the sea rose four feet in four seconds. This was not a wave, but the tide itself. And it continued rising.

For those inside Isaac's house, it was a moment of profound terror (although Joseph claimed to have been utterly calm). Four feet was taller than most of the children in the house. Throughout the city, parents rushed to their sons and daughters. They lifted them from the water and propped them on tables, dressers and pianos. In single-story houses had nowhere to go. The sudden rise of the sea meant death. For Isaac and his wife, as for thousands of parents throughout Galveston, suddenly the prospect of watching their children die became very real.

The houses fell gracefully at first. One witness said houses collapsed into the Gulf "as gently as a mother would lay her infant in the cradle." It was when the current caught the structures and swept them away that the violence occurred, with bedrooms erupting in a tumult of flying glass and wood, rooftops soaring through the air like monstrous kites.

The barrier of wreckage pushed before it an immense segment of the streetcar, which struck Isaac's house with terrific force. Isaac was at the center of the room with his wife and his six-year-old daughter Esther Bellew, whom he always called his "baby." A wall came toward him. It propelled him backward into a large chimney. He entered the water. Something huge caught him and

drove him to the bottom. Timbers held him. He lost consciousness.

He woke to turmoil. Rain struck like shrapnel. He was afloat, his chest caught between two timbers. He coughed water. He sensed there was something he had to do. It was like waking to a child's cry in the night, then hearing only silence. He sensed absence.

ON SUNDAY, THE U.S. WEATHER BUREAU IN WASHINGTON telegraphed this question to the manager of the Western Union office in Houston: "Do you hear anything from Galveston?"

First came this ominous reply: "We have been absolutely unable to hear a word from Galveston since 4 p.m. yesterday..." And then this report: "First news from Galveston just received by train, which could get no closer to the bay shore than six miles, where prairie was strewn with debris and dead bodies. About two hundred corpses counted from train. Large steamship stranded two miles inland. Nothing could be seen of Galveston..."

SUNDAY MORNING, SO MANY CORPSES LITTERED THE LANDSCAPE that civilized burial was deemed impossible. Galveston's relief committee ordered the bodies dumped at sea. Crews loaded corpses by the hundreds into a large barge, but by the time the barge reached its dumping ground 18 miles into the Gulf, darkness had fallen. The crew spent the night among arms and legs brought back to life by the gentle rocking of the sea. In the morning, they weighted the bodies and cast them into the water.

But the bodies came back ashore. The relief committee now ordered that all corpses be burned upon recovery. The fires began almost at once, with the assistance of the city's fire department. Soon the nights were rimmed with the orange light of countless pyres. The air stank of death for weeks. Human ash sifted from the sky. Emma Beal, 10 at the time, watched one of the "dead gangs" burn bodies near her house. As one body entered the fire, an arm shot up as if pointing into the sky. Emma screamed, but kept watching, and paid for it with nightmares that left her writhing in the dark.

Isaac survived Saturday night—although barely—and only after experiencing his own unbearable loss. He had found his daughters alive in the waters, but his wife Cora had vanished in the storm surge. While the children prayed for their mother's return, he knew his wife had perished. Each evening he toured likely places where her body may have lain. But he would not find her till Sept. 30, when relief workers discovered a dress tangled in the debris of what they concluded was Isaac's house. Within the clothing were the remains of a woman. He recognized her only from a wedding ring and the diamond he had given her at their engagement.

FOR A TIME THE MESSAGE OF THE STORM SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN heeded. Galveston built a seawall, then raised the elevation of its streets and surviving buildings, even its cathedrals. But memory faded quickly. Today grand new houses rise on stilts on the island's West End beyond the protection of the seawall. The once barren sea-level prairie that stretches from Galveston through Houston is now home to about 3 million people. To hurricane experts, it is one of the most vulnerable regions in America, where even today an intense hurricane could cause megascale death. Today's meteorologists know a lot more about hurricanes than Isaac Cline did in 1900, but this knowledge, far from conjuring the hubris expressed by Cline, has led them to recognize that hurricanes remain inscrutable giants capable of tricks that can defy even satellites and computers—tricks like suddenly intensifying in the hot waters off Cuba and catching a city by surprise. ■

A R T

ART OF SELLING

Don't look for these creations at your local museum. Instead, try the mall

By DAN CRAY

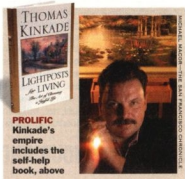
S EVEN YEARS AGO, STRUGGLING artist Thomas Kinkadee sat in a secluded gallery well past closing time, determinedly propounding the virtues of his luminescent garden-and-cottage scenes to a young couple. He was going to give it a few more months, Kinkadee told the couple, and if he couldn't sell enough paintings to earn a living, well, he'd close up shop and move on.

Today the shop is not only open, it is one of more than 200 Kinkadee galleries nationwide. Media Arts Group, the artist's publicly traded company, based in San Jose, Calif., recorded \$126 million in sales last year. Kinkadee, who owns 24% of the shares, is worth \$30 million. Canvas lithographs of his paintings routinely sell for as much as \$15,000. "It's staggering," he admits. Equally staggering are the profits—\$5 million last year—derived from slapping the images from Kinkadee's

paintings onto everything from calendars to table lamps. The merchandising machine will go into overdrive this winter when construction is scheduled to begin on Kinkadee-inspired houses near Sacramento, Calif. Says Frank Sisser, publisher of the trade magazine *U.S. Art*: "The man is a consummate marketer."

Kinkadee is foremost of more than 30 palette-to-paycheck artists whose status as multimillionaires flies in the face of the archetypal image of the starving artist. Among the other great successes: Terry Redlin, who sells more than \$20 million worth of Americana images each year and built a \$12 million museum in Watertown, S.D., to showcase his work; Bev Doolittle, a painter of Native American themes who in the past decade has sold more than \$60 million worth of prints; G. Harvey, who sold 30,000 prints last year, many at \$1,500 or higher; Robert Bateman, a Canadian wildlife artist whose \$100,000 originals led to a display of his work at the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History in Washington; and Wyland, who legally ditched his first name (Robert) after his whale murals built a \$50 million empire and won him a designation as official artist of the U.N. "This is a hidden industry," says Redlin, "and people are making a lot of money at it." Last year that industry generated an estimated \$400 million in sales. "I call it art gone wild," says Wyland. "It's the best time in history to be an artist."

Artist? Says who? Critics, art historians and fine-art galleries cringe at the



PROLIFIC Kinkadee's empire includes the self-help book, above

thought that any of these "populist artists" should be taken seriously. In the high-brow art world, accessibility and affordability are often inversely proportional to merit. The populist industry's aggressive replication strategy, on the other hand, is designed to move the merchandise. "Limited editions" from populist artists are often released in quantities of 20,000 and up, using a variety of formats that range from canvas to three sizes of paper prints. Throw in the T-shirts, mugs and pillow with the same images, and limited looks limitless. "These guys haven't invented anything, they've just discovered an image that's salable, and they pump the market until they can't sell any more," says Herbert Palmer, owner of a gallery on Los Angeles' Melrose Avenue that sells work by the respected contemporary abstractionists Gordon Onslow Ford and Chochi Iida at prices as high as \$200,000.

DECORATIVE An angelic dinner plate, far left, by Sue Hanks; a miniature log-cabin sculpture by Terry Redlin

NOSTALGIC A keepsake box, below, from the Hadley Collection

PLAYFUL A jigsaw version of Noah's Ark by Tom duBois, right, and a beer stein by Redlin



KITSCH

The art-vs.-commerce debate isn't a new one—Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* is said to be the most reproduced painting in history—but the corporate approach of Media Arts brings the argument to a new level. "I have an N.C. Wyeth hanging in my office that was a tire ad in 1916," says Scott Usher, president of Greenwich Workshop, a publisher in Shelton, Conn., "and very few art critics are going to say Wyeth was just an illustrator." Norman Rockwell battled the same demon, and Andy Warhol took heat for suggesting it was O.K. to have assistants do some of the work—a tactic several populist artists now use. Collectors such as Bob and Cathy Adorni, a Castaic, Calif., couple who own 58 Kinkadee prints, view such techniques as an acceptable means to an end. "You can't blame someone for earning a living with their talent," says Bob Adorni. Or can you? "People say I've sold out," says Kinkadee. "But not reproducing my art would be like telling a writer not to publish a manuscript because it's one of a kind."

Technology has entered the picture. In the past, the quality of print reproduc-

tions was so poor that it preserved, by default, both the economic and the artistic value of the original work. Today artists such as Kinkadee operate high-tech facilities that bond lithographs to an acrylic that can be rolled or even sprayed onto canvas with the details so fine that even the brush strokes are replicated. Kinkadee's studio employs a team of 30 touch-up artists whose sole task is to hand-paint highlights onto the prints, enabling the sales team to market each one as a "unique" work that looks very much like an original.

The populists point out that it is this reproduction capability, not the art, that the Establishment fears most. "The fine art galleries saw how good the canvas prints looked and didn't want them, because they felt it would compromise the product they already had," contends Kevin Samara, president of the National Association of Limited Edition Dealers. Says Ken Raasch, Kinkadee's founding partner at Media Arts: "The art establishment in this country knows there's a payoff if they keep art out of the reach of the average person."

Just how long the populist movement

VERSATILE Greeting cards and note paper also carry designs from Kinkadee

can sustain its economic growth is a matter of debate. Sales have increased for three years running, with Kinkadee's

popularity the driving force. But Kinkadee has yet to make a significant dent on the East Coast, and his harshest critics may be on Wall Street. While sales have held steady, Media Arts' stock price dropped more than 60% since the beginning of the year over concerns that interest may have peaked. Says Shawn Milne, an analyst at Hambrecht & Quist: "This thing came raging out of the gate, and they're not crushing numbers anymore, so there's always the worry that it's just Beanie Babies again."

Ultimately, it may be necessary for the artists to hone their business rather than their artistic skills if they want to sustain their industry. The problem, says Steve Hanks, another top-selling artist, is that too few art schools teach their students how to earn a living at their craft. "I used to think if the art was good it would sell itself," Hanks says. "Then I worked and starved for 15 years, and I realized that today's art business is about selling your name." Wyland started marketing his work in junior high school and never let up. "The art snobs frown on any marketing or business," he says, "but the old masters weren't successful until they were dead. I didn't want to wait that long."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY URBANO DELVALLE FOR TIME



FUNCTIONAL The clock, left, features a print by Redlin; the pillow, below, a sea scene by Kinkadee



POPULIST Wyland, who uses only his surname, markets a line of T shirts



COLLECTIBLE A limited-edition box by Kinkadee, below, issued in 1993



FANCIFUL A fish sculpture created in porcelain by James C. Chistensen



SIREN CALLS Red-Headed Harlow with Chester Morris; Dietrich in *Blonde Venus*



Back to the Dirty '30s

New light on the first big ruckus over film ratings

By RICHARD CORLISS

AMERICA IS ROCKED BY SOCIAL violence, and some people think Hollywood is to blame. They point to the sex and smutty talk, drug use and gun love onscreen. The moguls hide behind a rickety rating system that stokes more fury than it slakes. Church groups attack it as a sham; critics on the left complain that it eviscerates mature films. "The censors have spent all their time protecting children against adult movies," says *The Nation*. "They might better protect adults against childish movies."

As it is in the late 1990s, so it was in the early 1930s. The same clamor, with different causes and results. Back then, the social eruptions came not from random acts of carnage but from an economic collapse that whacked the country. The films of the early '30s are full of clues to America's mood in the first long ache of the Great Depression: frantic, feisty, obsessed with getting a job, a buck and ahead by any means necessary. Today's typical film is a fairy tale; the '30s pictures played like tabloid journalism—the March of Crime. Gangsters, gold diggers, ruthless businessmen, wage slaves and the not-working class all jumped out of the headlines and onto the screen.

To rein in the wild horses of this art-industry, Hollywood in 1930 charged Will Hays, a former Postmaster General, with establishing and enforcing standards for screen stories and behavior. At times the regulators used diplomacy: one official, objecting to gruesome screams in

Murders in the Rue Morgue, suggested "reducing the constant loud shrieking to lower moans and an occasional modified shriek." At other times they took the stern approach, telling Howard Hughes he was forbidden to make the gangster film *Scarface*. The producer's response, in a memo to director Howard Hawks: "Screw the Hays Office. Start the picture and make it as realistic, as exciting, as grisly as possible." Within four years the Hays system was kaput, and a new, tough Production Code was installed. Overnight, Hollywood movies went from jazzy to genteel.

Now the "pre-Code" era of 1930-34 is getting its due in two excellent books and a film retrospective. Mark A. Vieira's *Sin in Soft Focus: Pre-Code Hollywood* (Abrams; 240 pages; \$39.95) mixes gorgeous photos with tart memos and anecdotes from the period. Thomas Doherty's *Pre-Code Hollywood: Sex, Immorality, and Insurrection in American Cinema 1930-1934* (Columbia University Press; 430 pages; \$19.50) cogently

examines the pictures and their political impact. Those in New York City can see the fabulous evidence firsthand. Film Forum, the town's invaluable rep house, is mounting a series of 44 key films, unspooling through Sept. 14.

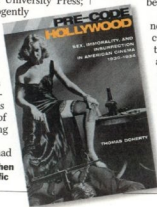
By 1930, movies had **SINFUL CINEMA** And when it was bad, it was terrific

learned to talk and, with the help of Broadway-bred writers, did so in a sassy vernacular that singed sensitive ears. And the films were acted with a feral intelligence. James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Barbara Stanwyck were street-level stars with insolent accents and attitudes. "There we were, like an uncensored movie," says Harlow of one tryst in *Red-Headed Woman* (she fornicates her way up the social ladder, gets found out and lands in Paris with a new sugar daddy and a stud chauffeur). These guys and dolls could dish it out and just as surely take it. Even glamour types felt the sting of the Depression. In *Blonde Venus*, Marlene Dietrich sells her virtue for the price of a meal for herself and her child: 85¢.

For desperate times, desperate titles. *Heroes for Sale*, in which Richard Barthelmess endures war injuries, morphine addiction and betrayal by every military, judicial and corporate authority, was joined on marquee by *Beauty for Sale*, *Girls for Sale*, *Scandal for Sale*. The films painted, in brisk, garish strokes, America's can-do optimism twisted into gotta-have greed. "What could I do?" asks Stanwyck about an office liaison in *Baby Face*. "He's my boss, and I had to earn my living." She's bad, but the Depression made her do it.

Maybe the Depression made Hollywood do it. Most of the studios were losing money by 1932 (RKO declared bankruptcy), and racy films brought in the money. But they also fanned the ire of state and local censorship boards. In 1934 the new Production Code had teeth, and under Joseph I. Breen, a former newspaperman, it bit hard. Dialogue was denatured from snappy to sappy; gowns hid what they once revealed; evil lost a lot of its seductive plausibility. And as studios sought to rerelease their pre-Code films, Breen insisted that cuts be made in the master negative, thus censoring some movies forever. Yet when he retired in 1954, Hollywood gave him an Oscar for Life Achievement. The plaque read: "To our industry's benevolent conscience."

The industry today has no conscience. Nor does the current cinema possess half the wit, élan and social acuity of Hollywood in the dirty '30s. Those films were more than the sum of their smirks. They were expressions of an industry scrambling for survival, like their amoral heroes for sale, and doing it in a style—raffish, dynamic, truly adult—that we've hardly seen since. ■



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Hugh's New Bid To Be a Hit Man

IF THERE WERE STILL A BRITISH EMPIRE, one could imagine Hugh Grant bestriding one of its far-flung ramparts, trying to bring order to unruliness. Mostly that would be a matter of self-deprecating humor, romantic chivalry, honorable business dealings, and, of course, irresistibly floppy hair.

Colonialism being at something of a discount nowadays, Grant is obliged to ply his undeniable charms in cross-cultural comedies like *Mickey Blue Eyes*. In it, he plays a Manhattan art auctioneer named Michael Felgate, in love with a schoolteacher (Jeanne Tripplehorn) who reciprocates his affections but refuses his engagement ring.

She has her reasons. They have names like Vito, Vinnie, Angelo and Ritchie, to say nothing of her father, Frank (James Caan), who runs a family restaurant in Little Italy. That's "family" in the full post-Puzo sense of the word. But Vito (Burt Young), who is the godfather here, sees opportunity in this alliance—a chance to off-load some of his talentless son's paintings and do a little money laundering via Michael's auctions. Before you know it, Michael has acquired his eponymous Mob nickname, is burying stiffies in Brooklyn and, finally, wearing a wire for a comically clueless FBI, whose forces include a hearing-challenged agent.

Director Kelly Makin has a gift for

casually tossed-off farce. And along with Michael's bemused unflappability, his weird British conviction that somehow he will muddle through to a happy ending, that good-natured spirit carries one over some of the logical lacunae of the script by Adam Scheinman and Robert Kuhn. But not quite past the presence of Caan. It was only 27 years ago that his crazy volatility ignited *The Godfather*. Now he's almost beamish as a wary fixer. He's still funny, but his new characterization, like the success of *The Sopranos* and *Analyze This*, reminds us how quickly we have converted palpable menace to pure ethnic comedy. Is this progress? Not really. But in the context of *Mickey Blue Eyes* it's easy to fuhgeddaboutit.

—By Richard Schickel

A Crash Course In Humiliation

SHE CHURNS DOWN THE SCHOOL corridors to music that sounds like the theme for *The Wizard of Oz's* Wicked Witch of the West; students scatter rather than get caught in the laser beam of her cool rage. In history class she makes one think of Harry Potter's Professor Snape, so regal is her malevolence, so acute her gift for the demeaning remark that cuts through the skin of her best students and into their fragile egos. Her intellect has veered into artful cruelty. Her ambition has been curdled by this life sentence in a town she was dying to leave,

and by having to teach idiots who may get a ticket out. A figure of fear, and possibly pity, Eve Tingle is a nightmare pedagogue—the teacher from Hell High.

A shame she's not in a better movie. *Teaching Mrs. Tingle*, a revenge comedy from Kevin Williamson, sets up a battle between twisted Mrs. T (Helen Mirren, the British classical actress who is in way under her head here) and sweet, studious Leigh Ann (Katie Holmes). When Tingle threatens to frame her for stealing an exam, Leigh Ann counts on two pals to bail her out: her best friend (Marisa Coughlan, quite funny as a carefully histrionic tyro actress) and the Depp-ish, droolworthy class rebel (Barry Watson). Before you can say *oops*, they have Tingle trussed to her bedposts and, the kids think, in their power. There are maybe six good lines, and many more dramatic chances wasted. Williamson, the writer of *Scream* and TV's *Dawson's Creek*, now directing his first movie, needs a crash course in choreographing screen tension.

The film was once called *Killing Mrs. Tingle*, until events at Columbine High made the notion of teacher homicide just a bit less amusing. But like last year's *Apt Pupil*, this really is a story about education—about the wary exchange in an old dark house between a nasty adult, seemingly trapped but still full of guile, and the bright teen who underestimates Satan's knack for temptation. No teen is likely to see the film and take a crossbow to his hated teacher's house. Indeed, nobody is likely to get much out of this slack parable. It is too empty to applaud, too insignificant to deplore.

—By Richard Corliss



AN OFFER HE CAN'T REFUSE: Grant's trademark unflappability is put to the test as he juggles marrying Caan's daughter and coping with dad's Mafia family as well



ALL ABOUT EVIL: Mrs. T (Mirren) faces off against her victim-rival-younger-self Leigh Ann (Holmes)



FROM LEFT: GARY GILMORE AS GILMORE; AUSTIN BULLARD

ART

Hallucinatory Acts

Matthew Barney creates films that are hard to look at, hard to understand and hard to resist

By STEVEN HENRY MADOFF

FEW ARTISTS UNDER 40 HAVE THE cult cachet of Matthew Barney. Part performance art, part sculpture, part film, his mandarin works are outrageous spectacles of heavy makeup and dreamworld metamorphosis. Barney, 32, has appeared before his camera as a red-haired ram in a morning coat; as a satyr squirming in the backseat of a stretch limousine; as a naked and chained Houdini in Budapest, throwing himself into the Danube while Ursula Andress, as the weeping "Queen of Chain," looks on.

Whatever his bizarre fantasies—and they are indeed bizarre, occasionally silly but always sleekly made—critics, curators and dealers have wasted no time rushing in. Barney's videos and the eccentric sculptures related to them are avidly followed by prominent collectors and museums. Three years ago, he received \$50,000 for his contribution to contemporary art as the inaugural recipient of the Guggenheim Museum's Hugo Boss Award. His shows are seen

from Los Angeles to London, Tokyo to New York City.

So a new work by Barney is something of an event in the contemporary art world, and a more unlikely looking event would be hard to find than the newest installment in his projected five-part "Cremaster" series—the first three done as videos and now the latest, and perhaps grandest, finished as a full-scale 35-mm film. Never one for the obvious or linear, Barney has dropped this piece into the sequence as *Cremaster 2*. On view at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, Minn., through Oct. 17, the 79-min. film and the morgue-cold installation of objects that accompanies it (a mirrored saddle, miniature mountains done in salt, white barbells of salt and epoxy resin, flags, flyweight sketches

VISIONARY: Imagining a bizarre parallel universe



DREAMWORLD: Barney's Gary Gilmore is a cowboy convict, left; an eerie séance

and various film stills) are loosely about the murderer Gary Gilmore, who was executed by firing squad in Utah in 1977. But to say that they are simply about Gilmore is a little like saying Picasso's *Guernica* is a picture about a horse.

Cremaster 2 is a sprawling, hallucinatory quiltwork of gorgeously shot scenes, ominous organ music and barely a page of dialogue, all slowly unfolding a circuitous plot involving Gilmore (played with truculent wordlessness by Barney), copulating bees, members of the Gilmore clan, Houdini (played briefly and pugnaciously by Norman Mailer, author of the Gilmore saga *The Executioner's Song*), a Brahma bull, the Mormon Tabernacle and landscapes ranging from Utah's blindingly bright salt flats to the glacial ice fields of Jasper, Canada.

The weird pleasure of watching Barney's art is seeing whatever improbable carnival comes next. If you're willing to spend the time to untie his Gordian knot of symbolic acts and images—and they do indeed unknot—you'll find a maniacal, systematic and deeply imagined vision of a world as strangely alternate as Lewis Car-

BARNEY: JAMES WHITE; GILMORE: JAMES WHITE

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ENIGMATIC: Norman Mailer as Houdini faces a mysterious queen in *Cremaster 2*

roll's in *Through the Looking Glass*. If you dig into the swelling body of criticism about Barney, knowing references repeat themselves, from Joseph Beuys, the late German master of performance art and social spectacles, to video pioneer Vito Acconci to the powerful minimalist sculptor Richard Serra—each of whom dramatically reshaped the artistic landscape. Barney follows, doing what all visionary artists do: he creates a parallel universe that reflects something wholly novel about our own, though through a far narrower lens. His obsession, in his own words, is "to try and find a space that's free; to find that moment between formlessness and form before things get defined."

Divining this in Barney's art, you can begin with the word cremaster. The cremaster muscle pulls the testicles up into the body and is an indicator in the fetus of male gender. Everything in the "Cremaster" series swirls dizzily from there: for him, biological destiny is a prison. Escape from it is a heroic act—in fact, a spiritual right. Thus his transmogrified, half-human creatures elsewhere; his fixation on Houdini, the impossibly malleable escape artist; and now his Gilmore, who spent the better part of his adult life in prison, only to be released into the world, where he killed and was executed by his own demand in what he imagined was a transformative act of blood atonement.

It is hard to believe, watching a good deal of the freakish imagery in *Cremaster 2*, that Barney is serious about bees morphing into male bodies oozing sexually with honey; about a séance medium whose face is pierced with rivets. But that is one of the most intriguing things about him: in an age of slick ironists cool beyond belief, Barney is a dead-earnest symbolist plummeting through the rabbit hole of his own nutty logic. You may not get everything that you see. And certainly you may not enjoy it. But it fascinates all the way down.

Beautifully Blurred

Red Hot makes cool albums that cross borders

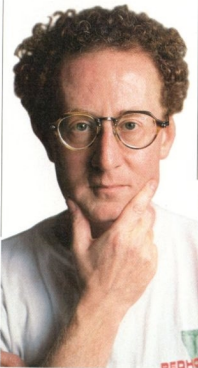


MUSICAL MISCEGE-
nation is the order
of the day. Salsa
sleeping with ska,
rock 'n' roll and hip-
hop giving birth to
rock-hop. We live
in an age of diversi-

fying demographics and turntable mixing, and the result is often beautifully blurred music. Right now, there's no one better at putting out albums that blend the sounds of the times than the New York City-based nonprofit Red Hot Organization. Over the past nine years, Red Hot, working with various record labels, has produced a dozen albums, each one featuring some sly subgenre mix, with all net profits going to the fight against AIDS. Red Hot's latest compilation, *Onda Sonora: Red Hot + Lisbon* (Bar/None), features music from Portuguese-speaking countries (Brazil, Angola, etc.) crossed with clubland beats. Obscure? Maybe. Cool? Definitely.

Red Hot founder John Carlin's credentials are unconventional and upscale: a degree in comparative literature from Columbia University, a Ph.D. from Yale in the same subject, and a law

SOUND JUDGMENT: Founder Carlin



degree from Columbia. After a stretch as an art curator, he moved into entertainment law but decided to change careers. He had an improbable dream: to create an AIDS charity album with pop stars singing Cole Porter songs. In 1990 the dream was realized when *Red Hot + Blue* was released, featuring such stars as David Byrne and U2. Carlin, 43, still can't believe he pulled it off: "That CD was inspired by naïveté and sheer will."

So far, Red Hot has raised nearly \$7 million for AIDS relief and prevention. Says Ronald Johnson, managing director for public policy and communications at Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York City: "What is significant is their fund raising does not compete with local AIDS service organizations. They tap basically new money, and that's very important."

Red Hot albums are not just good-hearted, they're also good listening—and almost always on the cutting edge. *Stolen Moments: Red Hot + Cool* (1994) deftly combines the talents of jazz acts (Ron Carter, Joshua Redman) and hip-hopsters (the Roots, Spearhead). *Red Hot + Rio* (1996) features such performers as Maxwell, Sting and Cape Verdean singer Cesária Evora exploring the music of Brazil; a terrific companion CD, *Nova Bossa: Red Hot on Verve*, showcases the work of Brazilian acts from the '50s, '60s and '70s (Antonio Carlos Jobim, Caetano Veloso).

Red Hot's newest release, *Onda Sonora* (Portuguese for sound wave), explores similar territory. It's a challenging album that offers performances by Veloso, k.d. lang, Cape Verdean singer Lura as well as the enchanting sound of *Fado*—a kind of Portuguese folk-blues. Next up: a CD featuring R-and-B stars tackling the music of Duke Ellington. Looks as if Red Hot will stay that way for a long time. —By Christopher John Farley



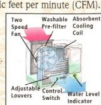
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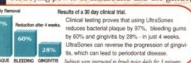


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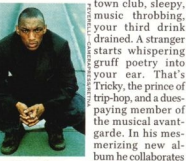
SOFT CENTER *White Oak Dance Project*

The latest edition of Mikhail Baryshnikov's permanent floating modern-dance troupe teams the world's greatest living dancer with five talented women, none of whom get lost in his long shadow. Raquel Aedo shares center stage with her boss in a new pas de deux by Lucy Guerin, an Australian choreographer whose work first caught Baryshnikov's eye three years ago. The combination is potent: *Soft Center* is a laconic, coolly sensuous duet accompanied by a raspy electronic-music collage with a snippet of Paul Hindemith's mournful *Traummusik* stuck in the middle (hence the title). Guerin is a major find—and so is Aedo.

—By Terry Teachout

MUSIC

JUXTAPOSE *Tricky with DJ Muggs and Grease* It's 3 a.m., and you're in a downtown club, sleepy, music throbbing, your third drink drained. A stranger starts whispering gruff poetry into your ear. That's Tricky, the prince of trip-hop, and a dues-paying member of the musical avant-garde. In his mesmerizing new album he collaborates



with hip-hoppers DJ Muggs (of Cypress Hill) and Grease. They help bring his almost perversely abstract compositions back down to the street, grounding them with raw raps and blunt beats. Tricky remains endearingly elusive, delivering almost all his vocals sotto voce, winding his way through the shadows of his songs.

—By Christopher John Farley

FOREVER *Puff Daddy*

Nineteen cuts long and teeming with guest stars—Jay-Z, Lil Kim, Nas—the second album from hip-hopreneur Sean



READINGS



GOOD BOOK GOES HIP: *Visionaire*, the high-concept, high-priced quarterly in which edgy visual artists of every stripe explore one subject, has turned to the Bible. Catherine Chalmers has a sexy take on the serpent, above, and Enrique Badulescu recasts David and Goliath as fashion models. A curved wooden Frank Gehry creation becomes Noah's Ark. Even Philippe Starck's spiky plastic packaging is fun. Not as visionary as the original, but fascinating.

—By Belinda Luscombe

Combs is a sprawling, colorful tapestry with something for everyone: hard-core braggadocio, clever sampling (Christopher Cross pops up), label-conscious odes to celebrity life (Miramax and Bentley get name checks) and a few songs made for the dance floor. But the spiritual musings of the title cut and the chill of death blowing through *Pain*, the album's gripping cautionary state tale, show Puffy grappling with something deeper: the conflicting demands of two worlds.

—By David E. Thigpen

TELEVISION

GROWN-UPS *UPN, Mondays* Here's a

small comfort in the era of prime-time segregation: a show that proves black and white actors can make mediocre yuppie-relationship comedies together, just as they can separately. Jaleel White (formerly *Family Matters'* Steve Urkel) and buddies are—like much of the demotargeted population of sitcom America—adjusting to postcollegiate life as urbane young men and women, though the only real



evidence of this is that they drink wine, smoke cigars and talk on cell phones. Their gay-and-lesbian-obsessed sex banter is still firmly stuck in high school.

—By James Poniewozik

CINEMA

THE MUSE Directed by Albert Brooks This time Brooks plays a screenwriter, Steven Phillips, who, as everyone keeps telling him, has lost his edge. What he needs is a muse, who turns out to be a bubble-



headed material girl (well played by Sharon Stone) who requires gifts from Tiffany in exchange for dopyly delphic advice. The conceit is mildly amusing, but what Brooks actually seems to have lost is his comic rhythm. There's something distant and depressed about the film, which never develops the momentum it needs to link its occasional bright satiric moments into a convincing whole.

—By Richard Schickel

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI: I REMEMBER, YES, I REMEMBER

Directed by Anna Maria Tatò In this autobiographical monologue, filmed by his longtime lover, film-dom's most thoughtful charmer seduces the viewer as effortlessly as he did his screen partners.

The actor, who died in 1996 at 72, recalls his career with eloquence, irony and a gentle wonder. To hear him utter, with a child's reverence, the names Gary Cooper and Clark Gable is to hear a cordial peal of thunder from one Olympic peak to another. "I like people; I love life," he says. "Perhaps that is why life has loved me in return." At three hours-plus, this is the *Shoah* of movie-star chats. But it is worth every second if the viewer brings an imaginary glass of Chianti to this enthralling, poignant feast.

—By Richard Corliss



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Christine Gorman

Pressure Check

Are we worrying so much about cholesterol that we're ignoring the risks of high blood pressure?

FOR THE PAST 25 YEARS, DOCTORS IN THE U.S. HAVE warned their patients about the dangers of high blood pressure, a generally symptomless condition that increases the risk of heart disease, kidney failure and stroke. By aggressively treating folks whose readings exceed the normal limit of 140/90 mm Hg at rest, physicians have prevented millions of premature deaths and untold suffering. But it looks as if we've stopped getting the message. A national health survey released two years ago showed that blood-pressure rates are

no longer falling; at the same time, the incidence of stroke has started to rise.

The biggest increases have been among black, Hispanic and poor Americans. But they're not alone. A report in the September issue of *Hypertension*, which was published last week, shows that blood-pressure readings among the largely white residents of affluent neighborhoods in Minnesota are 5% higher than they were just 10 years ago. And as those figures have risen, the number of people with hypertension who are aware of their condition has fallen.

There are probably several reasons that blood-pressure rates are going up and awareness is going down. An ironic possibility is that we've spent so much time obsessing about cholesterol levels that we've forgotten about blood pressure. That's kind of like throwing baking soda on a grease fire in the kitchen but forgetting to turn off the burner. Under normal circumstances, blood vessels in your body will last about 100 years. The extra wear and tear from high blood pressure makes them brittle before their time. Then cholesterol deposits start to build up over the damaged sections, restricting blood flow even more. The bottom line: high blood pressure can be every bit as lethal as high cholesterol.

Many men and women with high blood pressure require one or more prescription drugs to get it under control. If you experience an unpleasant side effect, like mild depression, don't suffer in si-



Here's where high blood pressure can cause problems

- 1 **Heart:** weakening of the muscle; heart attack
- 2 **Brain:** stroke
- 3 **Kidneys:** organ failure
- 4 **Lungs:** organ damage
- 5 **Eyes:** blindness
- 6 **Arms and legs:** pain and skin ulcers

lence. There are dozens of different blood-pressure medications. Ask your doctor about switching to another drug.

Eating right and getting plenty of exercise can decrease your need for medication or even eliminate it. In 1997 a study called *Dietary Approaches to Stopping Hypertension* showed for the first time that a diet rich in fruits and vegetables, includes low-fat dairy products and keeps the lid on saturated fat can lower blood pressure dramatically. It might take you a while to get used to eating the required eight to 10 servings of fruits and vegetables a day, which is twice what most Americans consume, but your efforts are likely to be rewarded. Among members of the multiethnic study group, diastolic pressure (the bottom number) dropped an average of 6%.

If you're overweight, you'll need to slim down—even 10 lbs. can make a difference. And be sure to avoid over-the-counter cold remedies like Sudafed and Actifed as well as herbal preparations like St. John's wort and ginseng, which can boost your blood pressure. Of course, none of these lifestyle changes are substitutes for having your blood pressure regularly checked and getting it treated if necessary. As always, staying healthy means keeping track of lots of things—and being willing to turn to your doctor for a little help.

For more information, visit www.americanheart.org or dash.bwh.harvard.edu. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS



BONING UP Women with osteoporosis may reduce the risk of spinal fracture by 50% with the drug raloxifene—one of the new alternatives to bone-building estrogen being prescribed to postmenopausal women. Not bad, considering that two months ago data suggested a remarkable side benefit to raloxifene: the drug may lower the risk of breast cancer as much as 70%.



BRING HOME THE BACON Given the serious shortage of human organs available for transplant, scientists have been

hoping that parts harvested from pigs might suffice. One concern, however, has been whether a virus called Porcine Endogenous Retrovirus, which hides in pig DNA, could be transmitted to humans. Now comes reassuring news. In a study of 160 folks treated with live pig cells, not one became infected with the virus. Don't expect pig replacement parts anytime soon, though. Animal-to-human organ transplants are still years away.

BAD NEWS



PREGNANT PAUSE As if pregnant women don't have enough to worry about. A report shows that women whose thyroids don't produce enough hormone during pregnancy are four times as likely to have children who score at least 20 points below average on standard intelligence tests. A sluggish thyroid is easily treatable with medication. The surest way to know if you have the problem: get a blood test.

MAD WORLD

Thinking of donating blood? Don't bother—in fact, you won't be allowed to—if you were in Britain for a total of six months or more between 1980 and 1996. U.S. health officials worry about the theoretical risk that blood could be contaminated with mad-cow disease. Theoretical, indeed. There's no evidence yet that the brain disease can be transmitted by a blood transfusion.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources—Good News: *Journal of the American Medical Association* (8/28/99); Science (8/20/99); Bad News: *New England Journal of Medicine* (8/28/99); FDA



Bernard Baumohl

It's Debt Defying

Investors are heading into dangerous territory. They've never borrowed so much to buy stocks

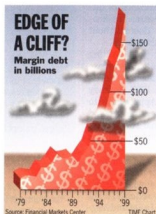
MONEY MANAGERS CALL IT THE DOOMSDAY SCENARIO, foreseeing an event that could wipe out investor portfolios and wreak havoc on the stock market. The danger

stems not from new financial woes erupting abroad but from something happening here. It is the explosive growth in margin debt—loans Americans take out to buy stocks. Margin debt has shot up to \$180 billion at midyear, a 25% increase in just six months and by far the most ever recorded. It now accounts for 1.2% of the stock market's total capitalization.

That doesn't seem like much, but it's a level not seen since the last speculative bubble burst, in 1929. And it's still growing, almost exponentially, rising faster than credit-card or mortgage debt. "We've had an expansion of margin debt the likes of which haven't been seen since the 1920s," says Tom Schlesinger, executive director of Financial Markets Center, a research institute.

When buying on margin, an investor who wants, say, \$5,000 of AOL shares need put up only 50% of his own money. The rest (\$2,500) is borrowed from a broker. It's a tantalizing deal. If AOL's stock moves up, you make twice as much profit as if you had paid all cash. If the stock dives, though, that leverage works in reverse. But few investors seem to focus on the downside.

How could margin investing turn cataclysmic? Here's the scenario most feared—and most plausible. The combination of rising interest rates, lofty P/E ratios and some unexpected Y2K problems in the period ahead could jolt the market into a major sell-off. Internet stocks would be most vulnerable, but the damage could spread to other equities as well. If a stock bought on margin falls 30%, the stockbroker typically grabs the phone and utters the dread words "margin call." It means you've lost so much money on the stock you bought with borrowed funds that you have to dig into your own pocket to meet the margin requirement or dump stocks you already own to raise the money. If you don't, the broker can sell your securities—and will he ever!—without notifying you. Given the historic level of margin debt



out there, a wave of forced selling could lead to a violent downdraft in prices and possibly end the nine-year economic expansion.

Who's to blame for the surge in margin debt? Aha. Some responsibility goes to Federal Reserve boss Alan Greenspan, who complained as far back as 1996 about the market's "irrational exuberance." Yet it is within his purview to raise margin requirements above the current 50%. However,

that might tick off Wall Street, which earns more than 8% interest on margin loans. (Brokers are free to raise requirements on their own, and some have.) No Fed chairman since 1974 has moved to lift the limit. Individual investors—and not just day traders—also share part of the blame. Intoxicated by the hot market, many have abandoned all fear of losing money.

What to do? Investors already in hock must prepare a game plan on how they'll raise cash if they face a margin call, says Lloyd Woelfle of American Express Financial Advisers. If you're a novice investor tempted to buy on margin, using leverage is O.K., but you may need to set aside more money than you think to play this game. If you buy on margin, better to stick to high-quality equities, which have a lower downside risk. Borrowing to buy volatile Internet stocks is walking the high wire. And right now that wire is really, really high. ■

Bernard Baumohl is TIME's senior economics reporter. Personal-finance columnist Daniel Kadlec is on vacation.

HOME INC. One obstacle to running a one-person business is the cost of benefits. Freeagent.com and Aquent are part of an emerging segment that acts as virtual employers, offering 401(k) plans and group insurance rates. They'll bill your clients and withhold payroll taxes, so you can file a W-2 instead of a Schedule C or Form 1099. Workers' comp and liability insurance are included in the monthly fee of \$99 to \$249.



AUCTION ACTION With so many auction sites available, where will you find the best price? Auctionwatch.com lets you compare the action on multiple sites by launching simultaneous auctions. This metasite offers free image hosting. You can store an unlimited number of photos at no charge. It posts daily news on




auction scams as well as tips on how to formulate sales policies, research sellers and build a clientele. Also included are auction reviews and a directory of what items are moving fastest, and where.

COFFEE'S UPS AND DOWNS They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil, and elsewhere, which is why Maxwell House and Folgers are cutting prices 10¢ a can. But don't expect prices to drip down in specialty coffees anytime soon. Peet's jacked up bean prices as much as \$2 per lb. this month, following Starbucks, which raised its drink prices an average of 10¢ in May. These chains cite tight supplies of labor and fancy coffees. Best advice is to scour the Web. Instead of paying \$10 for a pound of Sumatra, buy two bags at CoffeeAM.com for \$7.86 each and pay no shipping fees.

—By Julie Rawe



A man in a dark suit and patterned tie stands in a doorway, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a bright, sunlit interior with wooden floors and walls.

Mike Alexander
Senior Financial Advisor

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Amy Dickinson

Bully Pulpit

Listen to your children. Show your concern. But in the end, you must teach them to be strong

LIKE THAT OF MOST GROWNUPS, MY MEMORY OF middle school is a scratchy mental filmstrip of tiny triumphs punctuated by gigantic humiliations—the vomiting-on-my-sneakers incident of 1972, for example. My school was one of those Machiavellian pyramids composed of jocks, cheerleaders, greasers, hoods, geeks—and an atomic-wedge specialist nicknamed Buzz, who roamed the halls looking for victims. I was lucky, however. I had two older sisters—big, popular and vengeful teenage goddesses. Looking back, I'm

sure they would have happily watched me dangle from a locker hook, but at the time I was able to navigate the bully-infested halls of junior high surrounded by an aura of complete invincibility.

A trio of studies published last week show that despite years of self-esteem lessons, mediation classes and circle time, bullying continues to be a pervasive and destructive force in the school lives of our adolescent children. Some 80% of middle schoolers reported engaging in bullying behavior—ranging from excessive taunting and rumor spreading to destruction of property and physical aggression—according to a study published this month in the *Journal of Early Adolescence*. A high percentage of kids who bully others also report being victims themselves. Bullying is worst in the middle school years, as kids make transitions to new schools, and peaks during the first few months of school, when students vie for power among their peers.

Grownups are often conflicted about bullying. We know that power struggles are part of life, and we want our kids to learn on their own how to make their way through the schoolyard. But being bullied can destroy a kid's well-being and confidence. And it gets in the way of schooling. Parents need to know that kids don't learn any valuable lessons from being bullied. The only good lessons learned come from defeating a bully. And the best way to beat a bully is to avoid being a victim.

Dr. Patty Roth, a family counselor and author of *Enter at Your Own Risk*, a book



PUT 'EM UP Ingrid Bergman, as the nun in *The Bells of St. Mary's*, teaches self-defense

lessons. Instead, ask your child for ideas or strategies for combatting the bully.

Roth suggests that parents role-play to let the child try out different approaches. These might be to ignore the offense, walk away or stand her ground—but not retaliation. Contact your child's teacher—notify him of the problem and ask for suggestions. There is a direct correlation between adult supervision and bullying, so find out how closely supervised kids are during recess and between classes.

In addition to listening, commiserating and strategizing, parents need to do something very old-fashioned with our kids: we need to teach them to be strong. Encourage them to be proud and to stand tall, even if they're the shrimpiest kid in school. Tell them not to cry, not to cave, not to show their weakness. A kid who is proud of herself does not present a very tempting target to a bully. Your kid might not be lucky enough to have a phalanx of older sisters protecting her in the hallway, as I did, but she should always act as if she did. ■

See our website at time.com/personal for more advice on coping with bullies. You can also e-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com

IT'S NOT WHOM YOU HANG OUT WITH

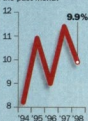
Who has the most influence on kids—parents or peers? Last year's controversial theory held that only friends have sway over how a child thinks and acts. But a new survey suggests that when it comes to prejudicial attitudes and stereotypes about race or religion, among other characteristics, fellow teens have very little influence on their contemporaries. Reason: peers may have more impact on behavior than on attitudes.



DROP IN DRUG USE According to a government survey, fewer teens used illegal drugs in 1998 than in the previous year, a welcome dip after higher rates during most of the 1990s. Older teens showed the deepest declines, with 26.8% reporting having used an illegal substance in the month before the survey, in contrast to 30.7%

Coming Down Again

12-17-year-olds who used an illegal drug in the past month



Source: National Household Survey on Drug Abuse

last year. While the report probably underestimates actual drug use, officials view the drop, along with relatively steady rates of drug use over the past few years, as a sign that teens are beginning to heed antidrug messages.

THE ONLINE GENERATION Which city is home to the greatest number of wired kids? An AOL survey puts New York City at the top of the list. Nationwide, almost 5 million children under 12 log on daily; even kids ages 2 to 5 surf the Web, averaging three hours a week. Parents report that kids are more likely to flog over computer time than over use of the phone.

—By Alice Park



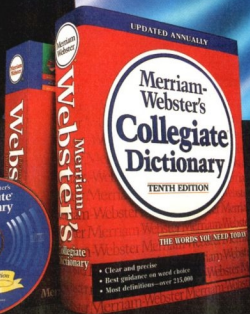
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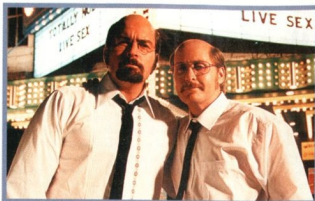
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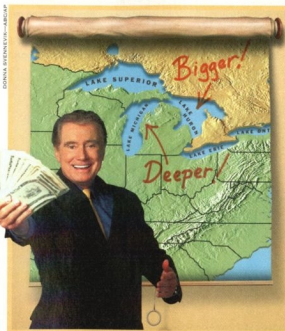
A CASE OF SIBLING RIBALDRY

CHARLIE SHEEN and EMILIO ESTEVEZ's portrayal of gargamens in the 1990 film *Men at Work* didn't exactly resonate with audiences. Their latest joint venture, however, should spark more wicked curiosity. The siblings play brothers and porn pioneers Artie and Jim Mitchell for the Showtime film *Rated X*. Directed by Estevez, the film chronicles the careers of the pair credited with mainstreaming porn with the 1972 film *Behind the Green Door*. Asked how his brother felt playing a drug- and alcohol-abusing pornography hound, Estevez says, "Charlie had to go down some dark roads. I realized it could be dangerous, but in fact it was cathartic." Asked how he felt playing a pornography hound, Estevez replies, "You become totally desensitized to the fact that a nude woman is standing in front of you. I didn't expect that."

And Can You Get Me an Agent?

It may seem as if **ROBERT DOWNEY JR.** has little to look forward to besides flattering orange jumpsuits and improving his letter-writing skills. Earlier this month, the tormented actor returned to prison for violating probation on a 1996 drug conviction. But if his prior incarceration is any guide, he will encounter a panoply of cinematic possibilities, whether he wants to or not. In a forthcoming book by director Mike Figgis, Downey recounts having a stint in solitary confinement

DONNA EVERTON/ABC



PAGING MENSA

The quiz show *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* isn't exactly *College Bowl*. (Sample question: Where did Monica buy her blue dress?) Perhaps because of this, the 13-episode ABC program is enthralling viewers, but occasionally it dismays geography fans. On a show last week, host **REGIS PHILBIN** asked which of the Great Lakes, excluding Superior, has the largest area. Contestant David Honea suggested Lake Huron. Philbin's TelePrompTer suggested Lake Michigan, and the voluble host sent Honea packing. After the show, Honea politely asked producers to double-check. Guess who was right? ABC has invited Honea back for the show's final broadcast to continue his quest for the elusive million, which should help ABC in its quest for those elusive high ratings.



interrupted by a prison deputy. "This guy says, 'I hope I wouldn't be crossing the line if I brought a script by. It's about unicorns ...'" Even in prison, everyone wants to direct.

GARY SHIRNER—CELEBRITY PHOTO



Feud of the Week

NAME: David ("Don't Call Me Jack") Cassidy

OCCUPATION: One-time pop idol

BEST PUNCH: Produced a homage to the Rat Pack at Vegas' Desert Inn in which actors croon, banter and re-create, in the words of the show's publicity material, the "swingin'est of eras"

NAME: Tina ("Don't Call Me Nancy") Sinatra

OCCUPATION: One-time pop idol's daughter

BEST PUNCH: Angered by the unauthorized use of her father's image, she has threatened legal action to stop the production, alleging it potentially violates several of the original Pack's rights



T. SCHWARTZ—ALCANTARA

WINNER: We're waiting for Shaun and Frank Jr. to duke it out before we decide

Paul Gray

Dueling Head Shots

Televised baseball gets uncomfortably up close

OUR SPECIES HAS BECOME SO WELL ADAPTED TO CONSTANT, relentless change that it has lost the ability to see just how weird much of the world has truly become. New things—a male sporting a nose ring, people talking into cell phones on busy street corners between swigs of bottled water—grab our attention and then quickly fade into the wallpaper of contemporary life. That is why the Rip van Winkle story and its many variants remain so appealing. We need, occasionally, someone who's been out of the loop for 20 years to point out everything we've long stopped noticing.

And that is why baseball lovers need me.

No, I haven't just awakened from a long nap, but I've obviously been asleep at this particular switch for quite a while. Then, out of habit one recent evening, I tuned to a baseball game on television. I don't know what caused my altered perceptions, but for the first time in a long while I watched, *really* watched, what was being displayed on my TV screen. And eureka! I knew the thrill that Archimedes experienced in his bathtub.

Televised baseball has become a struggle between nontalking heads. The close-up today totally overshadows the close play. Those responsible for broadcasting baseball have all decided that the game is not about throwing or hitting or catching or running or offense or defense or teamwork of any ilk. TV baseball is now about facial expressions or the lack thereof.

If you don't believe me, take a look at a game on your TV. Here is what you will see: a human visage fills the screen, registered so tightly that its ears are outside the frame of your picture. Its jaw muscles are working, its eyes intent on something or someone outside, for the moment, your field of permitted vision. Sometimes a thin stream of a liquid substance you'd rather not think too much about emerges from its purposively pursed lips. If you have the sound on, you may learn that this enormous face belongs to the pitcher and then surmise that this pitcher throws right-handed, since he seems to be cocking his head over his left but unseen shoulder.

Then a jump cut to a second screen-filling face, this one wearing, barely perceptible right up there at the top of your picture, something shiny on its head. Aha! you think, that could be a batting helmet, and ergo this new face could belong to the player at the plate who, since he's inclining his head over his invisible right shoulder, may be a left-handed hitter.

Just as you're getting the hang of this backing and forthing between two disembodied heads, here comes another jump cut, and a third face looms large on your screen. This one, unlike the other two, looks jowly and weather-beaten and could use a shave. What does this face have to do with the game, if indeed a game is still going on? And then the truth dawns: you are being shown the manager of one of the two teams, sitting presumably in one of the two dugouts. You are, in short, watching the manager watch the field. His intense concentration suggests that something is going on out there. What on earth could it be?

When the pitcher decides to throw the ball, the TV directors almost always, to give them their due, show him doing so. The standard procedure is to cut to a camera stationed behind the

center-field fence and equipped with a state-of-the-art telephoto lens. What you see onscreen is the pitcher's back and, thanks to the foreshortening effects of magnification, the batter apparently standing almost right beside his adversary on the mound. They could be preparing for a handshake or a manly embrace. The center-field shot also invariably reveals the presence of two other figures, the catcher and the home-plate umpire. Since they both wear protective masks that hide their features, the TV people show them as seldom as possible.

The average televised baseball game today not only looks as though it could be played on a putting green, it also displays more camera caressing of facial features than do all of Julia Roberts' movies put together. Can the appearance of team dermatologists be far behind? Will aspiring major leaguers miss the cut because they are photogenically challenged ("Kid had a great arm but lousy skin")?

Since it began broadcasting baseball in the late 1940s, television has always displayed nervousness about the game's leisurely pace and long pauses. This attitude can be summed up as "Dammit, the camera has to show something, and nothing is going on." But baseball lovers know that plenty is going on, all the time. The players on defense constantly adjust their positions according to the batter at the plate. If runners are on base, possible trajectories of action visibly manifest themselves across the *acres* on which baseball is played. TV cameras could capture some of this and still have time to cut to a cute kid in the stands. Why not, folks, show the game and leave facial gymnastics to the soaps?



Gabby, age 6,
debates the
merits of
Strawberry vs.
Blueberry.

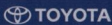


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